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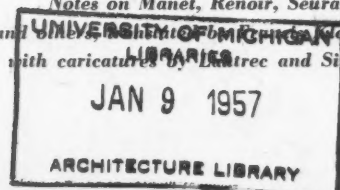
ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY
By Edouard Roditi

COLOR FEATURES:
Minneapolis Institute of Arts
B. J. O. Nordfeldt

ARTS

FELIX FENEON

Notes on Manet, Renoir, Seurat
and others, with caricatures by Dautrec and Signac.



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incorporating Arts Digest

Vol 31, No. 4 /75 cents

JANUARY 1957

CONTRIBUTORS

Edouard Roditi, who contributes to this number of ARTS the first major study of Alexej von Jawlensky in an American magazine, is an American poet, critic and journalist living in Paris. He was represented in our pages last month with a profile of the Parisian painter Henri Hayden, and he writes regularly for periodicals here and abroad, including *Prisme des arts* (Paris), *The Studio* (London), *Commentary* (New York) and several German publications. He has in preparation a number of articles for ARTS based on his observation and research of the European scene, among them a firsthand account of the monastic art of Mount Athos in Greece (to be accompanied by the photographs of André Ostier).

Suzanne Burrey is well known to readers of ARTS as the author of several profiles of American artists; her earlier subjects have included Edward Hopper, Joseph Solman and Karl Schrag. In this issue she turns her attention to the last works of the late B. J. O. Nordfeldt which are being shown this month at the Passedoit Gallery in New York following an earlier show at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. Miss Burrey is a former teacher of art history who now works in New York as an editor and free-lance writer.

FORTHCOMING: Clement Greenberg reviews Michel Seuphor's new study of Piet Mondrian . . . Patrick Heron, well known for his studies of Braque, discusses the relation of the French master's oeuvre to the immediate concerns of painters today . . . Hilton Kramer writes on the Balthus and Jackson Pollock exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art . . . John Anthony Thwaites reports on an important exhibition in Germany . . . features on the George Bellows exhibition at the National Gallery in Washington and the important Utrillo show at Wildenstein's . . . color feature on the Wadsworth Atheneum . . . color feature on the Northern European masterworks in the Walter Chrysler Collection as they begin a nationwide tour of museums . . . reports from Paris, London and Chicago by Barbara Butler, David Sylvester and Allen S. Weller, respectively.



ON THE COVER

Persian Figure (Hamadan), bronze, sixth century B.C.; Minneapolis Institute of Arts. The ancient rarity figures among the thirty-five works selected from Minneapolis treasures for display in a coming benefit exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries (see extended color feature beginning on page 32).

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LETTERS

THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

EDITOR'S NOTE: Readers of ARTS's editorial analysis of the new Guggenheim Museum designed by Frank Lloyd Wright (June, 1956) may have wondered what artists themselves think of this new structure. The following "Open Letter," unsolicited by ARTS, has just been received.

Mr. James Johnson Sweeney, Director,
and the Trustees
The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
New York, New York

Dear Sirs:

The undersigned group of artists have noted that the Guggenheim Museum is in the process of carrying out the construction of a new building which has been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.

The drawing and description of its plan that have appeared in the New York papers and other publications make it clear that the interior design of the building is not suitable for a sympathetic display of painting and sculpture.

The basic concept of curvilinear slope for presentation of painting and sculpture indicates a callous disregard for the fundamental rectilinear frame of reference necessary for the adequate visual contemplation of works of art.

We strongly urge the Trustees of the Guggenheim Museum to reconsider the plans for the new building.

Calvin Albert
Milton Avery
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Sally Michel
George L. K. Morris
Robert Motherwell
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Leon P. Smith
Jack Tworokov

MURDOCK COLLECTION

To the Editor:

A week ago tonight I was in Wichita, the honor guest of the City of Wichita Commissioners. A red ribbon was placed over my head by His Honor the Mayor. From the ribbon was suspended the silver key to the City of Wichita. So after a year of travail, the Roland P. Murdock Collection is respected by the City Fathers. You delivered the first prick, resented and scoffed at at the time, but it left a mark. I thought you would be interested in the event.

What a fine-looking publication ARTS has become—and interesting, more important still.

Elizabeth S. Navas

Trustee of the Roland P. Murdock Estate
New York City

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last year in an interview in the Wichita Eagle and in the January Spectrum, ARTS's publisher Jonathan Marshall called attention to the superb Murdock Collection. He pointed out that it was threatened with dispersal unless the city quickly provided adequate funds for its museum. We are glad that we were able to help save this unusual collection of American art.

and we congratulate Mrs. Navas, who has worked tirelessly, as Trustee for the Murdock Estate, to build and safeguard the collection.

REVIEWING FOR "ARTS"

To the Editor:

I should like to express my admiration for (and appreciation of) your reviewer's comments on Mitchell Jamieson's show (page 55, December). It is away and above any other criticism that has appeared on Jamieson—discerning, perceptive and thoroughly intelligent. It is such a surprise I feel impelled to write and compliment both you and your critic [Vernon Young]. Such high-quality criticism has become almost non-existent in art journals of today (including your own); I hardly ever expect to read them. May your progress continue—and may you hang on to this critic and use him well.

Maynard Walker
Maynard Walker Gallery
New York City

"LUST FOR LIFE"

To the Editor:

You are to be congratulated for publishing the type of hard-hitting and independent film criticism exemplified by Vernon Young's recent piece [on *Lust for Life*, November]. While it is possible to disagree with it or with parts of it, it is not possible to disregard it.

Since few publications reaching a mass audience print criticism of this type, you fulfill an important social function in doing so.

Amos Vogel
Executive Secretary
Cinema 16
New York City

To the Editor:

I have read the article "In Search of Vincent van Gogh" by Vernon Young in your magazine. I feel that in spite of the deliberate sharpness of this article and the pointed form of expression (or perhaps just because of it) the criticism is not even urgent enough.

The infuriating mediocrity of the approach to the theme in the publicity for the film is not contradicted enough by the film itself.

To choose Gauguin's life for a well-paying sex story might be considered "excusable" in view of Gauguin's famous South Sea adventures. But to blow upon Van Gogh, true or false, the sex fanfare (obviously with psychoanalytical blessings), to cover the uncompromising life of a passionate and haunted soul with the fig leaf of sex, to make it thus more understandable (?), is ridiculous.

Even if we, the audience, would agree in the belief that we might only be kept awake by a forceful injection of sex hormones, seven days a week, we would ask for exceptions. Even if we have to console ourselves with the fact that Freud can be used today as a kind of Rock and Roll for adults, we still feel that Van Gogh should be excused from this game. His life story could be told as something unique without too much of this "public appeal" approach, which he could never attain in his lifetime.

Hans Richter
Southbury, Connecticut

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Richter, well known as the creator of many avant-garde films, is director of the Institute of Film Techniques at the City College of New York.

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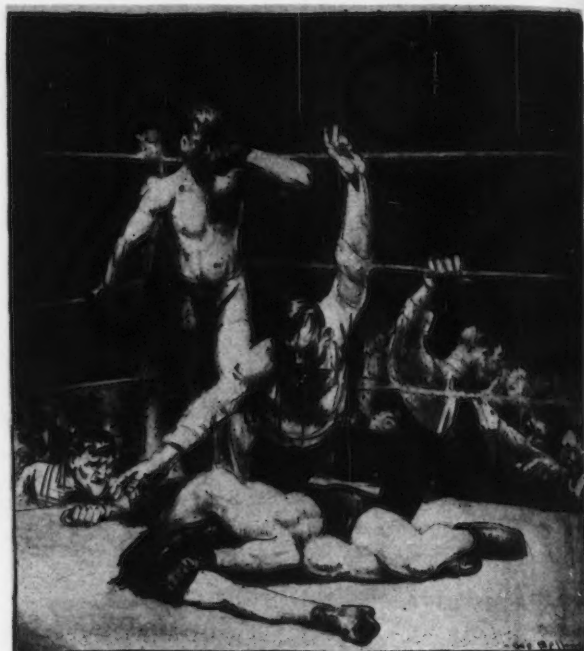
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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Dr. Ernst G. Troche



Curtis S. Opliger

Dr. Ernst G. Troche (above) has been appointed Director of the Achenbach Foundation for Graphic Arts, it has been announced in San Francisco by the Board of Trustees of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. Formerly Director of the Germanisches National Museum of Nürnberg, Mr. Troche first came to this country in 1948 when he accompanied the exhibition of "Masterpieces from the Berlin Museums" on its nationwide tour. He returned in 1951 to become a citizen and a permanent resident of San Francisco. For over three years he has been associated with Warren Howell, bibliophile and expert in the field of manuscripts and rare books.

Curtis S. Opliger (above), formerly assistant to the dean of the Fine Arts Department at the University of Southern California, has been named Art Coordinator for the City of Los Angeles. A former Air Force Captain who saw service as a pilot in the European theater, Mr. Opliger received his M.A. after studying under Edgar Ewing and Francis de Erdely at U.S.C. He has also served as curator of the art galleries of U.S.C.'s Fine Arts Department.

James S. Plaut, former director of the Institute of Contemporary Art, in Boston, has been appointed by President

Eisenhower as Deputy Commissioner General of the United States Commission to the Brussels Universal and International Exposition of 1958. Forty-nine nations will take part in the Exposition which will cover some six hundred acres on the outskirts of Belgium's capital city. Mr. Plaut will be in charge of cultural, architectural and design programming for United States participation.

Ben Nicholson, St. Ives, Cornwall, England, has been selected as the first winner of the Guggenheim International Award. The painting which won the award for Mr. Nicholson is *August, 1956 (Val d'Orcia)*. The \$10,000 prize was established last year by the Board of Trustees of the Guggenheim Foundation in New York City. The prize-winning picture will be displayed at the Guggenheim Museum later this season.

The Bertram M. Newhouse prize of \$500 was awarded to **Cynthia Brants** for her painting *River Town* in the 20th Annual Exhibition for Painters and Sculptors of Tarrant County in Texas. Other top prize winners were **McKie Trotter**, **Bill Bomar** and **Owen Day**. The exhibition, held at the Fort Worth Art Center in December, was juried by Jonathan Marshall, editor and publisher of ARTS.

The 1956 winners in the **Emily Lowe Award Competition** have been announced as follows: awards for watercolors went to Robert Tosa, Aurelia Brown, Mayo Sorgman, Regina Klein and Herbert Young; awards for oils went to John Hopkins, Robert La Hotan, Margaret Larkin, Harry Shoulberg and Alfred Crimi. Entries were juried by Dong Kingman, C. Clay Aldrich and Jonathan Marshall. The prize-winning work will be on view at the Ward Eggleston Gallery in New York through January 12.

Robert Tosa, *BRIDGE AT DUSK*. A prize-winning watercolor in the **Emily Lowe Award Competition** currently on view at the Ward Eggleston Gallery.



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AUCTIONS

*Vast Rovensky Collection To Be Dispersed
in Multiple Sale at Parke-Bernet Galleries*

ONE of the most valuable private collections of paintings and furnishings ever assembled, the art property of the late Mrs. John E. Rovensky, formerly Mrs. Morton F. Plant, will be dispersed at public auction in a series of sales during the month of January at the Parke-Bernet Galleries. Before the collection is removed from 1051 Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Rovensky's New York residence, where it has been contained since the mansion was built in 1917, an exhibition will be held at the premises on January 6 and 7 for the benefit of the International Rescue Committee, the funds from the admission charge of \$1.00 to be allocated for Hungarian relief.

Among the paintings to be offered are Andrea del Sarto's *Portrait of a Scholar*, Boucher's *Jupiter and Calisto* and *Angelique and Medor*, Watteau's *L'Ile de Cythere*, Romney's *Playmates* and Gainsborough's *Miss Tryon*. The Rovensky collection also contains Chippendale, Adam and Hepplewhite furniture and an extraordinary group of rare Elizabethan, Jacobean and Carolean oak and Louis XV and XVI cabinetwork and objects of art. Tapestries include three Royal Beauvais examples and two Soho arabesque panels. There is an enormous collection of old English silver by famous makers, with the celebrated George I gilded-silver toilet service from the collection of the Fifth Earl of Ashburnham.

The vast collections will be sold in separate groups. Furniture, paintings and art property, comprising virtually the entire contents of the Fifth Avenue mansion, will be sold the afternoon of January 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19 and the evening of January 16. Furniture and art property from Mrs. Rovensky's Newport House will be sold the afternoon of January 24, 25 and 26. The precious-stone jewelry left by Mrs. Rovensky will be auctioned the afternoon of January 23. All sales will be held at the Parke-Bernet Galleries and will be preceded by public exhibition there. Only the contents of the Fifth Avenue mansion will be on display at the time of the special benefit exhibition on January 6 and 7.



Andrea del Sarto, PORTRAIT OF A SCHOLAR; at Parke-Bernet.



Left: François Boucher, JUPITER AND CALISTO. Above and right: Meissen porcelain modeled by J. J. Kaendler. Along with the Del Sarto, these works figure in the coming Rovensky sale at Parke-Bernet.



AUCTION CALENDAR

January 4 & 5, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English eighteenth-century furniture, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American country furniture and decorations, property of Mrs. Watson B. Dickerman and other owners. Also listed are English porcelains and silver, British and American paintings by Munnings, Morland and other artists, bronzes by Barye and Pierre Jules Mêne, Brussels tapestries, Oriental and other rugs. Exhibition now.

January 11 & 12, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture and decorations, property from the estate of the late Charles and Annie Wimpfheimer, sold by order of the present owners, as well as property of other owners. Exhibition from January 5.

January 15, 16, 17, 18 & 19, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Art property from the estate of the late Mrs. John E. Rovensky, sold by order of the executors, John E. Rovensky, J. P. T. Armstrong and the U. S. Trust Company of New York. Included are three Royal Beauvais tapestries of the Molière series, signed by J. B. Oudry and dated 1732, as well as a Brussels Gothic tapestry (c. 1500) portraying *Maximilian and Philip the Handsome*. Also English and French furniture of the eighteenth century, English and other silver, Meissen porcelain, English table porcelain, Chinese porcelains, jade and coral carvings, embroideries, linens, laces, Oriental rugs and a Savonnerie carpet. Exhibition at 1051 Fifth Avenue January 6, 1:00-5:30 p.m., and January 7, 10:00 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; at Parke-Bernet Galleries from January 12.

January 16, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Paintings from the estate of the late Mrs. John E. Rovensky. In addition to masterpieces by Andrea del Sarto, Boucher, Watteau, Romney and Gainsborough, there are portraits by Raeburn, Lawrence, Hoppner, Maria Cosway and Nattier and works by Oudry and Conrad Faber van Creuznach. Exhibition at 1051 Fifth Avenue January 6, 1:00-5:30 p.m., and January 7, 10:00 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; at Parke-Bernet Galleries from January 12.

January 23, at 1:30 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Precious-stone jewelry from the estate of the late Mrs. John E. Rovensky. Among the pieces are a Cartier string of pearls having a total weight of about 851 grains, its clasp set with a 3.75 carat marquise diamond and two round diamonds, and a Tiffany diamond bracelet of twenty-one graduated emerald-cut diamonds, weighing about fifty-six carats, as well as extraordinary rings, pendants and pin sets. Exhibition from January 17.

January 24, 25 & 26, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Furniture and decorations, mainly from the Newport House of the late Mrs. John E. Rovensky. Exhibition from January 19.

January 29 & 30, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. The library belonging to the estate of the late Mrs. John E. Rovensky. Mainly standard sets in fine bindings. Exhibition from January 23.

figure

of a putto bearing flowers, a detail from a 3rd-4th century Coptic funerary pillow on view until January 26 in the Delacorte Gallery's exhibit of "Little Masterpieces of Coptic Art" in New York.



courtesy Delacorte Gallery, N. Y.

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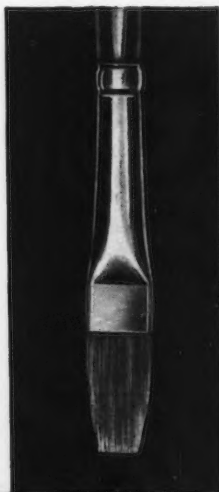
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SPECTRUM

ONE sometimes becomes very "inbred" sitting in a New York office and visiting metropolitan galleries and museums. Every few months we recognize the symptoms and pack our suitcase for a change of scenery. This fall the wanderlust coincided with an invitation to jury the Fort Worth Annual, so we toured Texas with a side trip to Oklahoma and Colorado.

Last year we discovered Houston—a very lively cultural center with two excellent museums, opera, symphonies, beautiful homes and intelligent people. This season we include energy in the list, for our hosts arranged an itinerary with sixteen events in one day. Among the more relaxed events was a visit to the home and studio of James Boynton, one of Texas' most promising young artists. His warmly abstract work will be included later in the season in the Whitney's show of younger Americans. Another was a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Strauss, whose collection of contemporary and Oriental art is well selected and obviously enjoyed.

The trip's high point was a visit to Texas Southern University—Houston's Negro university. Working on a very limited budget, both students and faculty are producing exciting and original work with a dedication rarely found elsewhere. Most of the students will eventually become art teachers, although some commercial positions are beginning to open up to Negroes in the South. Student work showed a lack of inhibition and a wonderfully warm sense of color. Advanced students, under faculty supervision, are given the opportunity of painting murals in corridors of the art building, with the best becoming permanent. Work by Professors Biggers and Sims in painting and sculpture respectively was among the most exciting and powerful by young contemporaries that we have seen anywhere in recent months. Both men are highly original and sensitive artists.

In Dallas we saw the Texas State Annual juried by Francis Henry Taylor, who we feel showed inconsistent taste in his selection of prizewinners—particularly his failure to give an award to John Guerin's large, abstract, Turneresque landscape, which we felt was the outstanding work exhibited. We were especially shocked, however, at Taylor's unfounded remark in the catalogue where he implied that there is no good contemporary sculpture being done in Texas. In addition to that of Sims in Houston, work by Charles Williams and Octavio Medellin is of high quality. And there were others, too, whose work Taylor either did not see or recognize.

One result of this irresponsible remark was that sculptors felt discouraged and the number of their entries for the Fort Worth show was only half of that for the previous year. Nevertheless, there were many good works of art submitted, including those by Cynthia Brants, McKie Trotter, Bill Bomar, Owen Day, Charles Williams, Max Butler, Blanche McVeigh and David Brownlow.

While in Fort Worth we had the opportunity of seeing the superb Amen Carter collection of Remingtons, which is housed in a private club. The collection should be housed in the Museum, which though only a few years old has a lively schedule. Although operating on a budget that is minuscule, Director Henry B. Caldwell has brought some good shows to Fort Worth and has begun a development program with the aid of enthusiastic staff members and volunteers. The latter when active in small museums can be of inestimable value. Among the fine collections that we saw in Fort Worth were those of Sam Cauty, Ted Weiner and Mrs. Robert Windfohr.

After a short side trip to visit the women's college in Den-

ton and talk with its art faculty, we flew down to San Antonio. Here one finds a striking contrast in two institutions. The Witte Museum, still holding to nineteenth-century ideas, displays everything from uranium samples to local fiesta costumes in a great hodgepodge. The art galleries are poorly lit, have mostly second-rate examples and serve little purpose except when showing work by local artists—although the best local art is shown at the small gallery of the Men of Art Guild which is composed of progressive younger artists. Perhaps the Witte can best be summed up by mentioning that as we were leaving we were proudly shown the museum pet—a caged tarantula.

The McNay Gallery, on the other hand, is a museum gem. Located in an old Spanish-style house with a verdant garden in the center, it is a perfect home for fine works of art. And it has a wonderful small collection, carefully chosen and well displayed. John Palmer Leeper, who has been Director since the museum opened two years ago, is rapidly making it the cultural center of the city with concerts, lectures and excellent exhibitions.

Our next stop was Austin, which probably contains the biggest art colony in Texas. The University, with a huge department under the direction of Donald Weismann, is bulging at the seams and is evidence of the growing art interest in the state. Similarly, the University of Tulsa, where Alexandre Hogue heads the art department, and Denver University, where Vance Kirkland is in charge, have crowded programs and alert faculties. All of these schools are turning out well-trained young artists and prove that art has become recognized in recent years as a major field of study in universities.

Our most unusual experience was a visit to the Thomas Gilcrease Foundation in Tulsa. Here is located America's foremost collection of Western art. It includes outstanding examples by artists such as Remington, Moran, Catlin, Bierstadt, Russell and Schreyvogel, as well as American Indian and pre-Columbian art. Gilcrease, part Indian himself, was relatively untrained in art, but he had an excellent eye and a burning desire to preserve the West's history through its great art. The collection is testimony to his success and a thrilling experience as well.

A small blizzard and a case of museum feet somewhat inhibited our Colorado visit, yet we cannot conclude without a few words about the Denver Museum. Remembering a few rooms lost in the vast City Center ten years earlier, we were amazed at the progress of a decade under Otto Bach's direction. His program might well serve as a pattern for other growing museums. City leaders were first persuaded to donate a block of land. On it the Museum has grown piecemeal but according to a definite plan. As each area of the collection has grown through donations and trading for more important works, funds have been donated for new buildings. But Bach is not only a promoter, for he has built the collection with great scholarship and shrewdness and has even done much of the art restoration.

Unfortunately space does not permit a more detailed account or mention of many artists whose work we saw. We were convinced that there is a vitality in the West and particularly among the younger artists. We also felt that museums as a group were livelier and played a more important community role than their older and more established counterparts. This is largely due to an alert young corps of directors who bring an abundance of enthusiasm to their work.—J. M.

PARIS

Herbin and Hartung present antithetic modes . . . the Redon retrospective at the Orangerie . . .

BY BARBARA BUTLER

Two opposing principles in art which have divided abstract painting since its beginnings—the dominance of intellectual order and freedom of direct expression—are represented in current exhibitions by two of the purest examples of each mode, Auguste Herbin and Hans Hartung. Herbin employs the ideal forms of geometry, which he fills with even, solid colors; the sharp, clean profiles of the shapes and the uniformly smooth surfaces allow no concession to the vagaries of the human hand. This is the exact execution of an idea—whereas the essence of Hartung's art is the spontaneous gesture.

Both artists have been of enormous influence on Parisian art, the acknowledged leaders of their respective genres of painting. Herbin, who has been in the center of contemporary artistic movements since he arrived at the Bateau-Lavoir in 1906 (at the age of twenty-two), has been influential not only as a producing artist, but as a personal force as well. He has been an active apologist for abstract art and a leader in organizing exhibitions, artist groups and publications. He was one of the primary animators of the abstraction-creation movement, which was started in 1931, and, after the war, he founded the Salon des Réalités Nouvelles. The German-born Hartung, who came to Paris in the mid-thirties, on the contrary, worked in almost complete isolation until his first one-man exhibition in 1947 (at the Galerie Lydia Conti). Claimed by the growing numbers of "informal" and tachist painters, Hartung became in the next few years the most important single influence on his contemporaries and the following generation of painters.

The retrospective of Herbin's gouaches at the Galerie Simon Heller, comprised mainly of works in his classic style of the last fifteen years, gives an excellent presentation of his later *oeuvre*. Based on his theories of the rapport between color and form, Herbin's art depends on the exact balance of brilliantly colored geometric shapes. He marshals his circles, triangles and rectangles in strict patterns, placing them like chessmen across the "board" of the picture space. This space is divided and redivided by the three shapes, which are varied in their disposition according to the basic symmetry of the compositions. Similar forms echo through the picture space, their hues based on the same chromatic scale with smaller shapes brighter to the degree that they are diminished in size. These pictures are like mathematical equations, each element balancing in relation to size and intensity of color.

Hartung's exhibition of ink drawings, charcoals, crayons, watercolors and pastels of 1921-38, at the Galerie Craven, reveals an artistic career of extraordinary coherence. An instinctive abstractionist who as a child tried to draw the zigzag of lightning, he had disengaged his line from any representational function before coming into contact with advanced artistic currents of the day, Blue Rider or cubist. At the age of seventeen, in 1922, he arrived at the fundamental element of his art, the free expressive line which retains the energy of the initial impulse.

In the drawings of 1932-38 Hartung brings his expressive line to full development. He explores every possibility of his graphic gesture; his vibrant line zigzags and spins across the picture space or dives into tangled knots. The lines are records of the artist's gesture—embodied motions with the energy of electric currents. They do not describe form but exist as forces themselves. In the more finished crayons and pastels of this period, which anticipate his oils up to the last few years, he elaborates these energetic strokes into compositions, playing off loose, floating spots of color, "slower" loops and hatching, and "faster" irregular or more compact tangles of line. They recall *musique concrète*, in which different tempos and pitches, tapping, clanging and clashing sounds are organized into coherence.

This exhibition of early work was arranged as a complementary show (which is a frequent occurrence in Paris) to Hartung's large exhibition of paintings of the last few years at the Galerie de France. Surprisingly, this is the first one-man show of Hartung's work since his first Paris exhibition in 1947, although he has shown repeatedly in group exhibitions. At the present moment, he also has canvases at the annual "Ecole de Paris" exhibition at the Galerie Charpentier and at the Musée d'Art Moderne in the Guggenheim Awards exhibition in which he received first prize in the Europe and Africa section (he was one of the last eliminated for the "world" prize). The Galerie de France exhibition has in general received a lukewarm reception here from critics and artists—both from the faction who object to his fundamental method of picture-making and the advocates of his earlier work who object to the "lack of urgency" in his recent paintings.

These paintings are composed of broad, reedlike strokes sweeping across pale-blue, orange and tawny grounds. The most notable change in Hartung's work is in the relationship between the different "gestures"; the strokes have become more even and the multiple paces and oppositions resolved into a few clear paths of motion. The "agitation tensions" have been subdued, the forces relaxed, but it is still the gesture of the artist's hand that is sustained in his strokes, and the picture space is a play of forces rather than forms.

OF THE historical exhibitions this season, most of which have been concerned with French artists of the nineteenth cen-

Hans Hartung, UNTITLED COMPOSITION, the Guggenheim Prize painting on exhibition at the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris.



tury—the sculptor Barye, Daumier, Boudin and Berthe Morisot—by far the most important is the retrospective of Odilon Redon at the Orangerie. The largest assemblage of his work ever brought together in one exhibition, it includes more than two hundred drawings, pastels, paintings and graphic works from every phase of his career, from the early works dependent on Corot and Millet to his enormous Japanese-influenced decorative panels executed at the end of his life. As is too often the case in these *grands hommages*, which seem to try to stagger the viewer by the sheer weight of number, this exhibition is comprehensive rather than selective, and one regrets the inclusion of many inferior works, especially in the oil section, which comprises more than one-third of the showing. It does however well represent the two distinct, significant periods of his work, that of his lithographs and charcoal drawings, his “noirs” as the painter called them, on which he concentrated almost exclusively from 1870 to approximately 1895, and that of his later brilliantly hued pastels and oils.

Born the same year as Monet and Renoir, Redon at the time of the impressionist optical researches was concerned with his “inner visions.” He represents a very special facet of artistic expression—the attempt to translate mind-haunting images into visual symbols—and is one of the few artists who have been able to give plastic reality to dreams. Closer to the literary than the main painting currents of his time, to Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Poe and Flaubert, whose work he illustrated, Redon was the precursor of the Nabis and ranked with Goya and Blake as a source for surrealism.

His most powerful expression is found in the “noirs”; Redon is of the first order as a graphic artist, and, like Seurat, he raised charcoal to the status of a major medium. The charcoals especially demonstrate a mastery of chiaroscuro technique. Surface patterns are composed of waves of luminous hazes and bold juxtapositions of light and extremely dense areas. The modeling, which is precise even in the deepest shadows, is achieved with an infinity of graduated tones.

The morbid, haunted themes of this period, the decapitated heads, weird creatures with oversized eyes, chimeras and pictures of “Death,” “Fear” and “Imprisonment,” are rendered with the most carefully delineated details, and even the most subtly projected images betray no indecision of line. It was of this work that the artist made his famous statement of the aim of his art, “to make . . . impossible beings live according to the laws of resemblance, to put the logic of the visible at the service of the invisible.”

In the mid-nineties there begins a transformation in Redon’s work as the artist called “The Prince of Shadows” renounced his “noirs” for pastels and oils, achieving an increasingly brilliant palette. Although he used the same key in both media, the hues are more intense and the color harmonies more completely realized in the pastels. The themes change from his own subjective visions to the gods and heroes of Wagner and Shakespeare, of religion and myth, but the haunted atmosphere remains. The mysterious casts of light and hazes in the blacks are transposed with tones of sapphire, aqua and oyster white. Color has dispersed the demons, and *Venus* comes to life in pastel through clouds of melting hues. Yet tragedy and doom continue as Redon’s most frequent themes. In two of the finest oils, both entitled *Char d’Apollon*, Phaeton races his chariot across an azure sky to destruction. And amidst a splendor of flowers, in a brilliant pastel which precedes the floral studies, gently floats the drowned *Ophelia*.

Redon increases the range of his palette in the flower still lifes which he executed in the last decade of his life. Using his medium with an authority which recalls the precision of the charcoals, he renders clusters of blossoms with touches of vermillion, saffron and indigo. The “local colors” of anemones and mimosa are brought to an incandescent brightness, emphasized by the glowing ambiguous space of their backgrounds. These grounds, which seem to be the source of light intensifying the colors, create an enigmatic aura—or “silence,” according to the painter’s own description, which persists even in the midst of the gorgeous hues.

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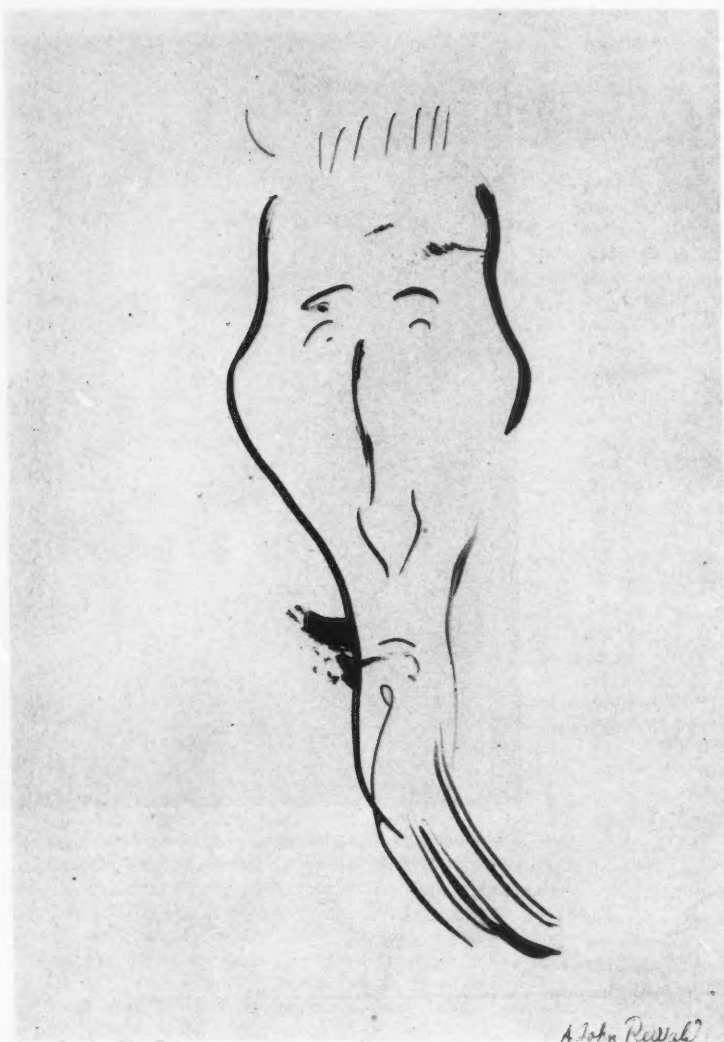
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Toulouse-Lautrec. CARICATURE OF FELIX FENEON (c. 1896), pen and ink; presented to John Rewald by Th. Natanson; J. Rewald Collection.

THE ART CRITICISM OF FELIX FENEON

SELECTIONS TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS KLOEPPPEL

TODAY, a dozen years after his death, Félix Fénéon already seems "placed" for posterity—as a critic extraordinarily sensitive to the achievements of his immediate contemporaries, the neo-impressionists. For his contemporaries themselves, however, his role was not so sharply defined. He gave the impression of a decidedly enigmatic figure. Except for one spectacular occasion, he remained in the background while exercising an influence in a number of Parisian spheres. And after acquiring a solid reputation he dropped his pen, seemingly intent upon complete oblivion.

Fénéon, after an unchronicled boyhood, began working as a clerk in the French War Ministry in 1881. His work served merely to provide for his immediate needs—and that not too well, since his wages were once garnisheed for a shoemaker's bill. His real interests lay in the arts and letters. In 1884, at the age of twenty-three, he founded *La Revue indépendante*, a "little magazine" which published pieces by Mallarmé and Huysmans and was in general sympathetic to the symbolist cause. Soon he was contributing to a number of the significant reviews of the day: *La Vogue*, *La Revue exotique*, *Le Symboliste*, *La Décadence*, *Le Chat noir*. Frequenting painters as

well as writers, he became a close friend of Seurat, Signac and Pissarro. He was the first to give a detailed and understanding account of Seurat's work, and upon the painter's early death in 1891 he served as the executor of his estate, as he had several years before for his comrade Jules Laforgue.

In 1894 Fénéon achieved an unwanted renown when he became one of the defendants in the famous "Trial of the Thirty." The French government, determined to suppress a wave of bomb-throwing, had rounded up an assortment of writers, editors, anarchists, burglars and prostitutes, all supposedly forming part of a gigantic conspiracy. Fénéon was included with more reason than most of his codefendants; in his office investigators had found a flask of mercury and a stock of detonators, entrusted to him, the prosecution contended, by an anarchist friend. In the course of the trial Fénéon's superior at the War Ministry, a Sorbonne professor and Mallarmé appeared as character witnesses for him. He himself had little to say in his defense. He was reluctant, he said, to utter anything that might be construed as compromising an acquaintance: "I would act in the same way with regard to you, Your Honor, if the situation arose." Ultimately he was acquitted for lack of

THE ART CRITICISM OF FELIX FÉNEON

evidence. The true extent of his involvement will probably never be known. He can hardly be conceived of as favoring bomb-throwing, but he was extremely loyal to his friends, among whom were more than a few anarchists; he had contributed to anarchist publications, and he certainly considered ideal anarchism as preferable to ideal capitalism.

During his brush with the authorities the three Natanson brothers had come forward in his support, and in 1895 he obtained the post of editor on their magazine, *La Revue blanche*, the most influential literary publication of the day. Here he had an active hand in the fostering of such talents as Gide and Proust, Alfred Jarry and Octave Mirbeau, Jules Renard and Péguy, Apollinaire and Claudel. After the magazine ceased publication in 1903 he worked several years for a daily newspaper, *Le Matin*, and then, in 1906, he became director of the *Galerie Bernheim-Jeune*. Retaining the position for nearly twenty years, he built up an enviable stock for the gallery—Cézanne, Van Gogh, Picasso, Rousseau, Toulouse-Lautrec, Signac, Matisse, Utrillo, Modigliani. Meanwhile he had abandoned his writing, however, and seemed to have cut off, deliberately, his contact with the literary circles of the capital. After retiring in 1924 he dedicated ten years to compiling a catalogue of Seurat's works. He spent the last decade of his life as a virtual recluse, surrounded by a fabulous collection of paintings by the friends of his youth.

Fénéon has been charged with having no coherent critical system to offer. The accusation is correct. What he brought to bear was not a system, but something far more valuable, the patient observation of a sharp sensibility. A painter could hardly hope for a more responsive spectator; "I have seen his face flush as he looked at a picture," the poet Verhaeren once remarked. Fénéon's talents enabled him to enter a huge gallery where scores of unknown young artists were exhibiting and to descry the few who would produce great work in the future. His method was attention; his gift was penetration. F.K.



Théodore van Rysselberghe, portrait of Fénéon, detail from the painting LA LECTURE (1903); Museum of Ghent.

MODERN PAINTING *

EVERY day critics exhort their audience to cherish, with an impartial heart, the painting of today and that of former times; they affirm that there is no essential difference between the bold innovations, now palliated by custom, of such and such old master and the still irritating innovations of such and such recent master. As a matter of fact there isn't, and the docile audience agrees, but not without a vague uneasiness: how is it that these two things which are supposed to be alike—the work of former times taken as a mass and the bulk of new work—present such different exteriors? Let us see if we can determine in what the divergence consists.

True, the painter of today has been freed by photography, still or motion, of the tedious, utilitarian mission which devolved upon his colleagues of yesteryear: to reveal to men the exterior world in its average reality. Literal description is no longer his concern; the domain of allusion lies open before

him. But let us bring the question of differences onto the more modest plane of technique.

The differences seem to reside in this, that the painter of today practices the system of sacrifices with a decisiveness unknown to his predecessors. He will have the courage to dwell upon what expressly interests him in the proposed theme and will avoid the accessory rubbish. The painter of former times, a slave to craftsmen's scruples, compelled himself to provide a settlement, with forced impartiality, for every single one of the elements in his work; having expressed, with eloquence or genius, what actually stirred his enthusiasm, he did the rest with rhetoric, with versifiers' padding, when he didn't leave the chore to the pupils in his atelier.

To make all this explicit I should have punctuated it with names and examples. But why deprive my reader of an excursion to the Louvre and an exercise in intellectual sport, for which the program is as follows: discover for oneself, before this or that famous canvas, the portion which the painter treated with love, the sexual point of his masterpiece, and note round about the dreary areas where his boredom would have done better not to linger.

If, on returning from this expedition, someone should object, before a painting by Signac, Vuillard, Bonnard, Matisse, Groumaire, that the work is unfinished, we'd retort, "When is a picture 'finished'?" An unanswerable question. Heap hours and brush strokes on a rectangle of canvas, and you can still

*This and the following selections are translated from *Les Oeuvres de Félix Fénéon*, edited with an introduction by Jean Paulhan, Gallimard, Paris, 1948. Readers who wish to pursue Fénéon's career in detail are referred to the extended (and masterly) article by John Rewald, "Félix Fénéon," *Gazette des beaux-arts*, Paris, July, 1947, and February, 1948. See also, passim, Rewald's *Post-Impressionism from Van Gogh to Gauguin*, Museum of Modern Art with Simon and Schuster, New York, 1956.

heap on more, and throughout eternity. What matters, and is verifiable, is that the painting be "begun," that is, that its execution be motivated by a problem of form and color, a problem that is clear-cut, and proper to the work. In this sense, how many pictures that in appearance are finished have never been begun!

THE MANET RETROSPECTIVE (1884)

IN THIS Ecole des Beaux-Arts where the walls break out with cryptograms under the influence of the pitiable official teaching, the work of Edouard Manet stands forth in splendor.

From 1859 to 1883, each year of Manet's life is here represented by several canvases. And it is with vibrant emotion that one follows this proud spirit as more and more he frees his personality, at the same time spying into nature with ever-increasing penetration. Never slipping back, never merely marking time, he proceeds from his first works, conceived under the influence of the Spanish masters, to those marvelous canvases where, in full possession of his powers, he brings in air, vivifying light and life.

One remains stupefied at the outcry which followed Manet throughout his career, at the outlandish opinions formulated about his works, at the gossip which transformed him into a sort of daubing hoaxer, ignorant and rowdy. . . .

Now that Manet is dead the public consents to admire his work. Besides, hasn't he been officially consecrated? Hasn't the rebel been brought into the temple? At any rate people no longer laugh at him. As always, it's a bit late. If I had any advice to give to the public who today blink bovine eyes in beatitude before the works of the master, I would urge them to curb this tardy admiration a little and seek conscientiously to understand the pictures of the painters who have taken their inspiration from Manet, without copying him, and who have at times surpassed their predecessor in the sincere expression of modern life; I refer to the valiant impressionist clan—to Camille Pissarro, Raffaëlli, Renoir, Mary Cassatt, Claude Monet, J.-L. Forain, Degas, Nittis, Berthe Morisot, Sisley.

The first works of Manet are admirable for their relief and their virtuosity, but they stem directly from Goya, El Greco and Velasquez. The *Absinthe-Drinker* dates from 1859; the *Urchin with Dog* from 1860; the *Majo* from 1861; *Lola of Valencia*, which Baudelaire celebrated in the well-known quatrain, from 1862. Then comes a transitional period of which *Olympia* is characteristic. The personal manner of the artist already asserts itself with his robust love of reality, his disdain for conventional poses. A bit severe, the drawing has a rigorous unity; not a muscle whose position isn't strictly determined by the general movement of the body. *Olympia*, reclining on the whiteness of the bed beside a black cat with its tail standing up like a plume, raises herself slightly on her right elbow, and her left hand is boldly planted, fingers outspread, at the spot where sculptors coax the growth of chaste vine leaves. The *Luncheon on the Grass*, with its excellences and defects that scandalize prudes, is from the same year. More and more Manet becomes himself. At each stage the useless baggage of conventional formulas becomes lighter, the stock of documents wrested from living reality increases. The *Fifer* and the *Battle of the Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* date from 1866, the *Portrait of Zola* from 1868, the *Balcony* from 1869, the *Port of Bordeaux* from 1871, the *Bon Bock* from 1873. Each of these canvases should properly receive a reflective study. The painter's palette, previously begloomed with mummy earth and bituminous tones, brightens completely. Henceforth he depicts his figures in full light; he breaks once and for all with the tricks and ruses of the studios where light is distributed by the arbitrary manipulation of serge curtains, he confronts nature faithfully, takes into account the decoloring of objects by full daylight, applies the law of values with a sureness that is never in default, produces tones that are obtained by optical blending and not by the mixing of pastes, notes with precision the impression of objects on the retina and not the real color of these objects, brings his figures to life and reveals their char-

acter, whether they be tarts, statesmen, matrons, actresses or people in a boating party. . . .

From this period comes a spate of masterpieces: *Argenteuil, In a Boat*, the *Lady with Fans* (1874), *The Wash* (1875), the portrait of the poet Stéphane Mallarmé, the *Plum*, the *Maid* (1877), *In the Conservatory* (1878), *At Old Lathuille's* (1879), *Jeanne* (1881), *Méry* (1882), the *Horsewoman* (1883). We should also cite the animals and still lifes worthy of Chardin, flowers that one could be tempted to smell, *The Hat* (Antonin Proust) and the portraits of Rochefort and Pétusset.

Manet, moreover, is not the savage character that people like to imagine him; his forthright technique in no way lessens his delicacy. . . .

For twenty years the influence of Manet has been constantly growing. Affecting even those who repudiate it, this influence will become more and more powerful.

All the artists whose full body of work has been brought together in posthumous exhibitions have emerged from this trial diminished in stature—all, except Edouard Manet.

RENOIR

AT THE outset, his observation, wherein there never frowns with an abetting eye the merry makings of an anonymous throng that he transfigures with his brush: canoeists along the Seine and the alert girls accompanying them, polka enthusiasts at the dance hall, misses from the Conservatoire, lasses and their swains sitting around tables beneath arbors that encourage love. Occasionally an elegant scene (the *Loge* of 1874, of 1880, etc.), a Parisian *salon*, the effigy of some lady in all her finery; his preference however goes out not to pompous spectacles, but to the swirling life of the people and the iridescent dance of the sun on the plebeian waters of Bougival and Argenteuil, on perspiring bosoms and muslin skirts. Such are the themes of his first period, which can properly be called "impressionist" if this term implies a regimen of outdoor work, an effort to capture the play of atmospheric effects, authenticity of motive, a variegated palette of clear colors and execution through a thousand nimble, interweaving strokes.

In the course of the eighties Renoir begins to feel certain scruples. Reacting against the Oriental intoxication with color and the subordination of figures to setting, he reduces his repertory of pigments to a minimum, forces the human silhouette into an essential shape and, deciding that the painter's task consists expressly in decorating a rigid rectangular surface, avoids allowing, as before, the air and its chance effects to work their ravages in the composition. The change was not a spontaneous one: in 1880, at Rome and at Naples, Renoir

Paul Signac, PROFILE OF FENEON (1889-90), pencil; presented to John Rewald by Fénéon; J. Rewald Collection.



THE ART CRITICISM OF FELIX FENEON



Paul Signac, LETTER TO FELIX FENEON (1894), watercolor; presented to John Rewald by Fénéon; J. Rewald Collection.

My dear friend

Since you are so kindly keeping me abreast of happenings at Paris, allow me to report to you, in my turn, what I've been seeing through the window of my atelier the past two days -

First, three battleships, accompanied by their destroyers, file past in the smoke, signaling to one another -

Then a fire which, fanned by the stiff Mistral, eats over the mountains, thickets at the end of the bay - It was smoking all day long, but after sunset the flames could be seen

This morning, off the Point St. Pierre, an Italian schooner-brig, flag at half-mast - Rounding Camarat, the wind from the northwest stiffening, she had to send men aloft to take in the topsails. During the operation one of the crew fell to the deck and was killed - It's his body they came in to put ashore -

This evening the wind has slackened - A tartan is sailing off before the breeze toward Nice - and a fishing skiff rows back in, head on to the wind -

Meanwhile a gentleman who has just taken a dip struggles with the last gusts of the northwester to put on his trousers

From all, to all, best regards P.S.

had been stirred by the structure of the Raphaels in the Villa Farnesina, by the "silver sludge" of the Pompeian frescoes; and, in 1883, he had read with a naïve thrill of emotion the five-hundred-year-old recipes of Cennino Cennini, a new edition of which he was later to grace with a preface. The canvases in which these influences appear assume an almost calligraphic line, a reticent and acid color, a technique in which the collaboration of brush and knife achieves a porcelainlike luster. In this style, the *Bathers* of 1885 is one of his notable successes. To this should be added certain feminine portraits and nudes and a number of family or rustic scenes—delightful. This was Renoir's second period, which was labeled "Impresque." But let the reader beware of taking this esthetic geography too literally; in reality, the regions which we carve out starkly in this way have vaguer boundaries, and their characteristics send many a reflection and ramification into the others.

From 1890 on—and here, if you wish, begins his third and last period—Renoir paints mostly nudes, and nudes that have no other role but their nudity itself. He has recovered the freedom and ease of his happy impressionist days. If the restrictions which he imposed upon himself under the pretext of discipline were excessive in their rigor, at least he emerges from this seizure of asceticism more firmly convinced of the effectiveness of a linear armature; henceforth a mode of design that grows more and more ample and determined will, with the help of color laid on in homogeneous waves, assert the volumes of the giantesses that he creates after chance models from the bakery, the laundry or the servants' hall. Every recollection from the museum, every concern to please, even to please the enthusiasts of his own painting, every constraint has disappeared; he is master of himself; his daring grows until it is nothing other than natural simplicity and good humor, and, year after year, tirelessly, this old pagan shepherd brings his drove of goddesses to stream and pasture; watch as they frolic about, bathe, dry themselves, sleep, stretch, pearly or glowing, massive, pulpy, flowering.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

LET US not expect of Puvis what he has deliberately cast aside—I mean photographic exactitude and period specialization. He looks upon painting under the broad aspect of decoration—whence the subdued ranges which harmonize perfectly with the architectural lines of structures, but which are disturbing in an easel painting. Puvis is the master of fresco; the walls at Marseilles, Poitiers, Amiens are irrefragable proof. His work—hermetic and symbolic, intelligible for thinkers alone, all of it executed in a superbly simplistic style which takes up the tradition of the great primitives Buffalmacco, Benozzo Gozzoli and Gaddo Gaddi—will be one of the glories of this century.

DEGAS

IN THE works of M. Degas—and of what other artist?—the human skin lives with an expressive life. The lines of this cruel and shrewd observer elucidate, across the difficulties of madly elliptical foreshortenings, the mechanics of every movement; catching a being as it stirs, they record not only the essential gesture, but its most minute and remote myological repercussions—whence this definitive unity of design. A realistic art and yet one which does not proceed from a specific direct vision; for as soon as a being realizes it is being watched it loses its naïve spontaneity of movement. M. Degas therefore does not copy after nature; he amasses, on a single subject, a multitude of sketches from which his work will then derive an irrefragable truthfulness; never have pictures evoked less the painful image of a "model posing."

His color is of a cunning and personal mastery; he will exteriorize it upon the turbulent motley of jockeys, on the ribbons and the lips of ballerinas; today he reveals it with muffled and, as it were, latent effects, which take their pretext in the rust of a shock of hair, in the purplish folds of a wet

cloth, in the pink of a hanging mantle, in the acrobatic iridescences rolling in the arena of a washbasin.

CEZANNE

MORE than one road can lead to masterpieces. If Renoir painted, it was first of all because he loved young breasts and flowers and wanted to accord them a form of worship. On the other hand, if, for Cézanne, painting had not pre-existed in the world of appearances, he would never have realized that there exist women, apples or a Montagne Victoire.

This man more fecund in paintings than in words has formulated several aphorisms charged with meaning. Here is one, often quoted: "When the color is at its richness, the form is at its plenitude."

With algebraic rigor, the elements that he brings into play cling together and, from modulation to modulation, unfold their consequences; each of his works, no matter how complex the texture may be, seems to present a single block of color. In so coherent an ensemble the introduction of an external element would stand out like a contradiction, and the idea of an imaginary continuation of the work, into margins of suddenly expanded canvas, strikes one as preposterous. Indeed, no other paintings impose to the same degree the notion of a closed and infrangible system.

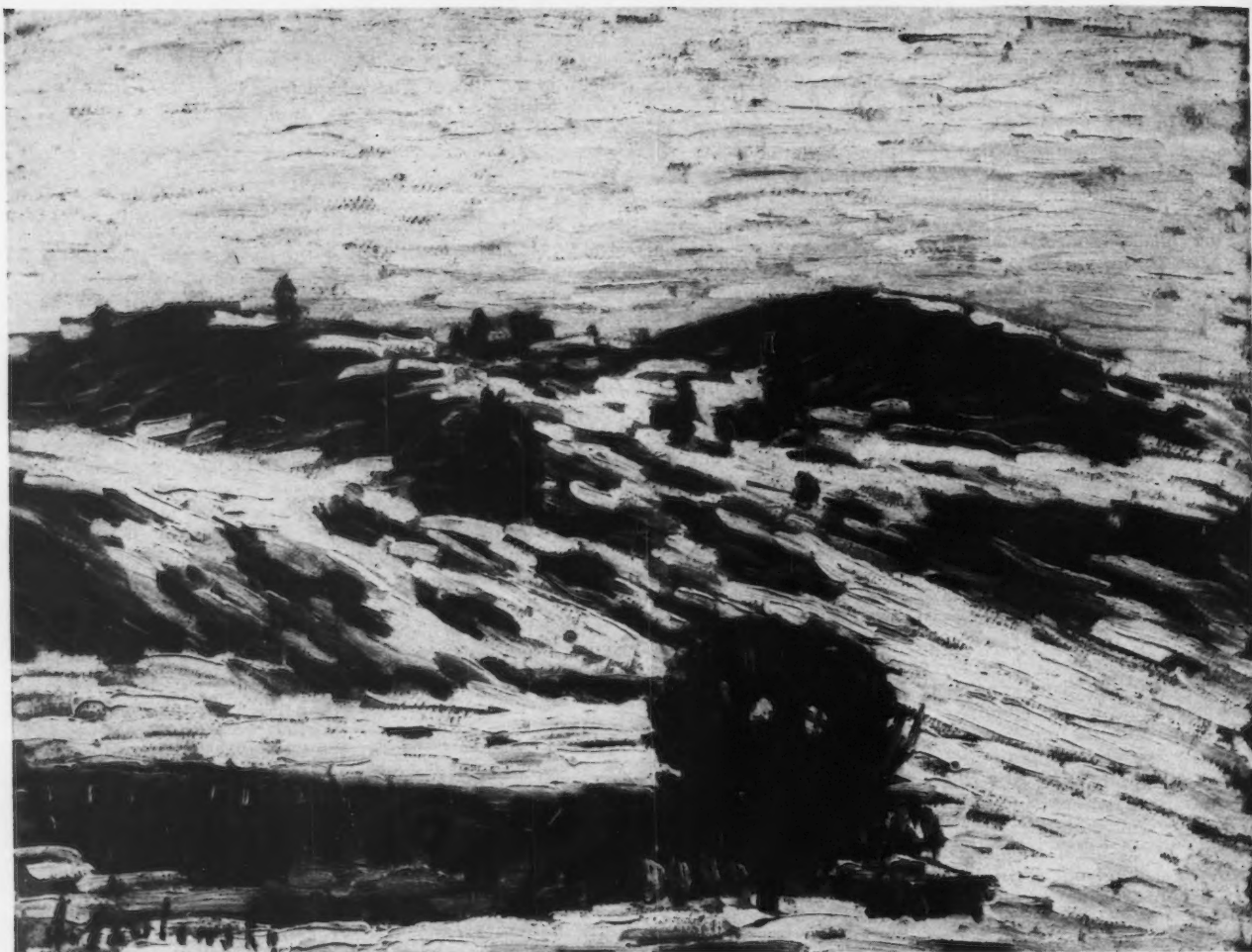
SEURAT

FROM the very start, the impressionist painters, with that concern for truth which made them restrict themselves to the interpretation of modern life directly observed and of landscapes painted directly, saw objects as interdependent, without chromatic autonomy, participating in their neighbors' reactions to light; traditional painting had considered them as ideally isolated and had placed them in an artificial and stingy light.

These color reactions, these sudden perceptions of complementaries, this Japanese vision could not be expressed by means of murky gravies worked up on the palette. Therefore these painters made separate notations, allowing the colors to excite one another, to vibrate at brusque contacts and to recombine at a distance; they enveloped their subjects with light and air, modeling them in luminous tones, at times even daring to sacrifice all relief; in sum, they fixed sunlight upon their canvases. . . .

If in M. Seurat's *Grande-Jatte* one considers, for instance, an area as big as one's hand covered with a uniform tone, it will be found that each inch of this surface presents, in a swirling mass of minute spots, all the constituent elements of the tone. This lawn in the shade: little touches of paint that give the local value of the grass form a majority; others, of orange, are distributed sparsely, expressing the hardly perceptible solar action; others, of crimson, bring into play the complementarity of the green; a cyanic blue, provoked by the proximity of a patch of grass in the sun, amasses its siftings toward the line of demarcation and thins progressively to this side. In the formation of the patch itself only two elements contribute, green, solar orange, all reaction dying under so furious an assault of light. Black being a non-light, this black dog will take on color from the reactions of the grass; its dominant therefore will be dark crimson; but it will be attacked also by a dark blue aroused by the neighboring luminous areas. This monkey on its leash will be accented by a yellow, its individual quality, and specked with crimson and ultramarine. All of which, in this account, only too evidently—rough indications. But within the frame—complex and delicate proportionings. . . .

M. Georges Seurat is the first to present a full and systematic paradigm of the new technique in painting. His enormous picture, the *Grande-Jatte*, in whatever portion one examines it, spreads out a patient and monotonous freckling, tapestry-work. Here, in effect, dexterity of paw is useless, fakery impossible; no room for bravura; if must let the hand be numb, but the eye agile, sharp and knowing. . . .



Snow in the Meadows (1905); courtesy Kleemann Galleries.

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY

After traversing the century's major fields of artistic inquiry, he found his definitive mode of expression in the religious fervor of his youth.

BY EDOUARD RODITI

THE competitive spirit that now prevails among art dealers, critics and museum curators has done much to foster the rediscovery of a number of outstanding modern painters of the past fifty years whose work, often as a consequence of political or economic developments in the late twenties or the early thirties, had somehow failed to obtain in the postwar art boom the world-wide recognition that it might deserve. Heinz Berggruen and a few others were thus instrumental, during the years that immediately followed the Second World War, in persuading Parisian art-lovers, howevermuch they may tend to underestimate all modern art that does not bear the unmistakable stamp of their native city, to value the works of Klee and Kandinsky as highly as those of Braque and Matisse. In New York, Sidney Janis did much, a couple of years later, to salvage from oblivion the work of the great dadaist master Kurt Schwitters, who had died in such discouraging obscurity as a refugee in England and, in his native Germany, had already been almost forgotten.

In the artistic world on both sides of the Atlantic, 1956 now seems to have been the year in which the posthumous reputation of the Russian-born master Alexej von Jawlensky has at

last been firmly established. As the least famous, after Klee, Kandinsky and Feininger, of the 1921 group known as the "Blue Four," Jawlensky was also remembered, together with the Austrian Alfred Kubin, the American Albert Blich, the German Gabriële Münter or Russian-born David Burliuk, as one of the original members of Kandinsky's "New Artistic Association" which, founded in 1909 in Munich, was destined, in 1912, to become the famous "Blue Rider" group. Almost forgotten in Germany, though he had lived there most of the time after leaving Russia in 1896 and until his death in Wiesbaden in 1941, Jawlensky had failed to obtain much recognition as a representative of modern trends in his native country too. In the November, 1955, issue of *L'Oeil* which was entirely devoted to Russian art, the critic Michel Seuphor, for instance, managed to give us a survey of Russia's ill-starred modern movement in which Jawlensky is not once mentioned.

But at least two important posthumous one-man shows of Jawlensky's work had already been held in 1954 in Germany, by enterprising dealers in Frankfurt-am-Main and in Munich, and the perceptive curator of Wiesbaden's municipal museum's modern art collections, Clemens Weiler, had published a few

months later the first biographical and critical monograph on this artist about whose life and development so little was known. When the Galerie Fricker in Paris and the Redfern Gallery in London then promoted, in 1956, two remarkable shows of Jawlensky's work, important Paris critics such as Raymond Cogniat, who had consistently ignored his achievements for the past thirty years, began mentioning him overnight in the same breath with Matisse or Franz Marc, Vlaminck or August Macke. Right now there are perhaps more curators of modern-art museums in the market shopping for an important Jawlensky painting than for work of any other major master of the past fifty years.*

BORN in 1864 in Russia, in the governmental department of Tver, Jawlensky was the son of a colonel in the Tsarist army who, from the moment of the child's birth, planned his education and his studies with only one aim in mind, to prepare him for a military career. The future painter thus discovered his vocation as an artist only as a consequence of a few somewhat romantic episodes that occurred almost by chance in his childhood, in his adolescent years of military school in Moscow's Imperial College of Pages, or later when he served as a subaltern with the Samoyed Regiment of Infantry Grenadiers in Moscow. One day, for instance, young Alexej accompanied his mother on a provincial pilgrimage of the kind that is so typically Russian and that Vladimir Korolenko, the much-neglected Proust of leftist literature of the early twentieth century, has described with so much feeling in his barely fictionalized memories of his own boyhood. When the future painter saw the miraculous ikon of the Virgin that was the goal of their pilgrimage, he was utterly dazzled by the lights and the precious metals and jewels that surrounded it, then transported into a kind of mystical quietude by the hieratic beauty of the image's dark face and hands. This ikon, it seems, must have been one of those images of the *Panhagia* that are reputed to be *achiropoeta*, not made by human hands but dispensed miraculously from Heaven like the holy ikon that is to be seen in the Iviron Monastery on Mount Athos. The childhood memory of this first shattering contact with sacred art then haunted Jawlensky throughout his life, till it finally inspired the mystical series of heads of the Saviour that were the

*Editor's Note: Jawlensky's work will be featured at Janis' from March 4 to 30. His work has also appeared recently in a one-man show at Kleemann's and in group shows at Silberman's and Fine Arts Associates.

Apples and Rose (1905); courtesy Kleemann Galleries.



only production of his last few years.

At the great Moscow World Fair in 1880, Jawlensky wandered aimlessly through the many halls that were full of boring exhibits illustrating the wonders of nineteenth-century science and technology. Only when he chanced to enter the Palace of Art did he again feel roused, though by a show of historical compositions and of genre paintings that were typical of a kind of art which he soon learned to despise. After this initiation he set about visiting systematically all of Moscow's art exhibits, and soon begged his family to allow him to follow drawing and painting classes. In 1884, after graduating from the Imperial College of Pages, he was commissioned as a Lieutenant and stationed in Moscow. His newly found financial independence made it possible for him to rent a room of his own, where he could henceforth devote all his spare time to his hobby. After a while he was authorized, in spite of military duties, to register as a student in Moscow's Fine Arts Academy.

RUSSIAN painting, in those years, was still dominated mainly by the traditionalistic historical or anecdotic styles of the Munich and Düsseldorf Academies. The kind of artistic individualism that we appreciate today found but slight encouragement in such an atmosphere. Only the great landscape-painter Isaac Levitan, a close friend of the dramatist and story-writer Anton Chekhov, who was passionately devoted to his somewhat somber interpretations of the Russian countryside, had already learned in Paris to appreciate the "open-air" art and the individualistic vision of the great impressionist masters. The traditions of Byzantine religious art and of the medieval and Renaissance ikon-painters of Kiev, on the other hand, seemed to interest Moscow's cultural elite of the latter part of the nineteenth century about as much as the esthetics of American Indian art preoccupied, in that era, the Bostonians and the New Yorkers whom Henry James chose as models for the characters of his novels. Jawlensky had to be content, at first, with the instruction given him by Ilya Repin, an immensely successful Russian painter of romantic-realist historical scenes of the same patriotic kind as those that inspired, over fifty years later, most of the Stalinist masters of socialist realism. The patriotic Polish artist Siemiradzky, a pupil of the Munich historical painter Piloty and the master of that surprisingly mature Jewish genius Maurycy Gottlieb, was also recommended to young Jawlensky as a model of lively composition, of anecdotic content and of studied technical brilliance. Other masters generally admired in Moscow in those years were the French genre-painter Meissonier and the Viennese master

Child with Folded Hands (1909); courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery.





Above: *Green Vase with Flowers* (1911). Left: *View along the East Sea* (1911). Both paintings courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery.

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY

Mackart, who specialized in lush feminine portraits and somewhat *tableau-vivant* interpretations of famous episodes of ancient history, in which he displayed much the same dramatic sense as one finds in versions of these scenes which the librettists of Meyerbeer's operas also imagined. The popular Hungarian painter Munkaczy, more romantic-realist than Mackart in his treatments of typical scenes of nineteenth-century peasant life and of social history, such as *The Strike*, as well as in his more epic and less operatic reconstructions of the past, such as his *Christ before Pilate* and his *Magyar Invasion of Hungary*, was also much admired in academic Russian circles, as was the Prussian military painter Anton von Werner, author of the famous Berlin panoramic rendering of the Battle of Sedan, which the Emperor used to contemplate in a reminiscent mood, explaining to the gentlemen of his suite how he remembered removing his glove at exactly the moment as he was seen to have removed it in Werner's rendering of this turning point in German history.

A Russian painter of Armenian or Karaite origin, Archip Iwanowitch Kouindjy, then revealed to young Jawlensky the doctrines of the impressionists and brought him out of the stuffy Moscow studios, so full of the theatrical props and spurious antiques that lend "atmosphere" to the paintings of Mackart, Munkaczy and the American still-life master Edward Harnett, into the open air, into the world of nature and light that French painting, from the age of Corot and Courbet to that of Monet and Sisley, had rediscovered with so much passion. In 1896 Jawlensky took a decisive step; shortly after meeting the painter Marianne de Werefkin, he gave up his military career in order to devote all his time to art. He was already thirty-two years old. Several years later he married a godchild of Marianne de Werefkin's father.

The personality and the art of Marianne de Werefkin, a central figure for many years in a number of groups of painters who were pioneers in the modern movement in Russia and in Germany, have not yet been studied as thoroughly as they deserve. Not only did this remarkably gifted, privileged and generous woman reveal new ideas and styles, acquired during her travels abroad, to many isolated younger artists like Jawlensky, but she seems also to have been unusually sensitive in detecting and encouraging talents which, without her inspired assistance, might well have been suffocated beneath the pressures of solitude, of provincialism and of despair. It was with

Marianne de Werefkin, for instance, that Jawlensky ventured on his first study trips away from the cramping atmosphere of the academies of Moscow; in the countryside around Kowno, the two aristocratic but liberal-minded Moscow Bohemians persuaded orthodox Lithuanian Jewish types to pose for them. In 1896 they then set forth on Jawlensky's first trip abroad, settling for a while in Munich, where they began by associating mainly with a group of Russian painters which included a few pupils of Monet and of other Paris impressionist masters. In 1899 Jawlensky traveled to Venice. Little by little he was also discovering and assimilating the teachings of a number of contemporary masters who had all experimented in new techniques and styles: those of the Swedish impressionist-realist Anders Zorn, of the great Berlin post-impressionist Lovis Corinth, and of Van Gogh too. In the course of a visit to Berlin Jawlensky made a point of meeting Corinth, who encouraged him to show a still-life composition in the recently founded annual Berlin Secession exhibition. In 1905, Jawlensky spent some time in Brittany, where he concentrated on portraits of dour peasant types and on hauntingly monumental landscapes; in the same surroundings as Gauguin, with whose work he was not yet acquainted, the Russian painter was thus discovering the real nature of his own strangely mystical and somewhat misanthropic genius. With the help of the ballet-producer Serge de Diaghilew, who was one of the very first to detect and encourage his talent, Jawlensky was soon able to exhibit, in the section reserved for Russian painters, in the Paris Salon d'Automne where, that year, the French fauvists were also making their first public appearance.

BEFORE returning to Munich Jawlensky also spent some time in Provence, where he became acquainted with the landscapes that had inspired Cézanne and Van Gogh. Stopping in Geneva too, he met the Swiss painter Ferdinand Hodler, to whom he remained bound for many years by close ties of friendship. Jawlensky's 1905 *Self-Portrait* has indeed a sturdy and monumental quality that reveals, in spite of an entirely different feeling for color and for volume, a striking affinity with some of the work of the Swiss master. On his return to Munich, Jawlensky met the Dutch monastic painter Willibrord Verkade, who had been a friend of Gauguin's and, in Paris, an associate of the Nabi group, especially of Bonnard, Vuillard, Maurice Denis and that odd, dwarflike figure, the Dutch-Jewish

Old Man (1912); courtesy E. & A. Silberman Galleries.



Woman with Black Hair (1912); courtesy Fine Arts Associates.

artist Meyer de Haan. More than thirty years later, it was to Father Verkade that Jawlensky confessed himself in writing, when he felt that he was about to die.

During these years Jawlensky's style as a painter had steadily become more and more bold and personal, progressing from modest attempts at emulating, in still-life compositions and landscapes, the achievements of the later impressionists, to more daring and individualistic experiments in *pointillisme*, in post-impressionism and in a style that, though developed independently, now strikes us as closely related to that of the early Paris fauvist masters, especially Matisse and Van Dongen. In all these stages of his development, Jawlensky distinguished himself, however, as a true master of color and of texture: even in his least original experiments in *pointillisme*, his palette remains extremely personal in its reliance on certain pure tones and bright contrasts that recall Russian folk art and the theatrical designs of Léon Bakst rather than any French landscapes such as those that lent their harmonies to Seurat and to Signac.

In 1908, Jawlensky met the Russian dancer Alexandre Sakharoff, the creator of a kind of *Jugendstil* synthesis of rococo and of modernist elements in the dance; in the home of a friend of theirs Jawlensky then saw, for the first time, one of Gauguin's South Seas compositions, which marked a turning point in his own style of draftsmanship and painting. From now on Jawlensky became increasingly aware of the hieratic quality of certain primitivistic kinds of stylization. Though his *Portrait of an Italian Woman*, as early as 1905, had offered analogies with the somewhat pre-Raphaelitic primitivism of Modigliani and a few Paris fauvists, most of his previous work, especially his portraits of women, belongs in the same general trend of somewhat calligraphic art of the turn of the century as the work of the Norwegian master Edvard Munch, for instance, of Toulouse-Lautrec, of Steinlen, and of the early works of Picasso that still imitate the style of Steinlen. Toward the end of 1908, however, Jawlensky began to develop more and more clearly and inevitably in the direction that led him finally, after 1920, to a new style of ikon-painting that is unique in our age, as disciplined, as mystical and as hieratic as the art of the great anonymous masters of classical Byzantine and Athonite religious painting.

Ever since 1906 Jawlensky had been, thanks to Diaghilev's recommendation, a regular exhibitor in the annual shows, in

Saint Petersburg, of the "Blue Rose" group of Russian impressionists and symbolists, among whom his unusually rich textures, his bright colors and sculptural sense of volume had begun to attract attention. As a consequence of these early successes, Jawlensky met in Munich his compatriot Wassily Kandinsky, with whom he remained closely associated for the rest of his life. Together, these two pioneers of contemporary Russian painting used to set forth to paint, in the Bavarian Alps, boldly stylized and brightly colored landscapes which were destined to revolutionize, within a few years, German notions of open-air painting. At first, they were indeed disciples of the much-neglected German colorist Adolf Hoelzel, the master of the so-called Dachau School which, together with Paula Modersohn-Becker's North-German Worpsswede group, can now be said to have initiated the whole expressionist movement. But whereas the painters of the Dachau and Worpsswede art colonies tended to remain regionalistic and almost provincial in their self-inflicted retirement, Jawlensky and Kandinsky were always conscious of their participation in a truly international art movement that spread its activities from New York, in the era of the Armory Show, through Paris, Milan and Munich, as far east as Petrograd. They thus transmitted to certain younger German painters, among them their friend Franz Marc, an exotically Slavic sense of color that, in spite of many affinities, is not the same as that of the North-German expressionist masters Nolde and Pechstein, and that is indirectly derived from the teachings of Léon Bakst who, in Saint Petersburg, had weaned so many of his pupils away from the somber harmonies of Levitan and the earlier Russian impressionists, and had sought to achieve thereby a synthesis of the two main trends of nineteenth-century Russian thought, of the Occidentalism and the Slavophil, of the imitation of the art of Western Europe and of a revival of the more decorative, Asiatic or primitivist traditions of Russian folk art. From their trips to the Bavarian Alps, often to the picturesque area around Murnau, Jawlensky and Kandinsky brought back works that already contrasted strikingly with the landscape painting of nearly all the other young painters with whom they associated in Munich in those years that immediately preceded the First World War. Only among the Paris fauvists and among the pioneer painters of *Die Brücke* does one find as consciously revolutionary a reliance on color as an element of composition that, without having recourse to chiaroscuro or to the traditional

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY



Autumn (1918); courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery.

trickery of perspective, can suggest volume by sheer contrasts. For the next thirty years Kandinsky and Jawlensky continued to work and exhibit together and to constitute the nucleus of a number of artistic groups which are now recognized as important stages in the evolution of contemporary art.

In 1909 they founded together the Munich *Neue Kunstvereinigung* (New Art Association). Other members of this group included Marianne de Wrefkin, the German painter Karl Hofer, who soon deserted Munich, the sculptor Moishe Kogan, who was destined to be deported and murdered by the Nazis in 1943, during the German occupation of France, and the Austrian painter and writer Alfred Kubin—who was a friend of Kafka as early as 1912, is mentioned in the latter's diaries, and probably contributed, through his own autobiographical fantasy *Die andere Seite*, almost more than any other writer toward formulating the kind of dreamlike allegory of which *The Castle* and *The Trial* remain classical examples.

IN 1911, the outstanding young German painter Franz Marc began to exhibit with the new Munich group, as well as a number of Paris modernists, including Derain, Rouault, Vlaminck, Van Dongen, Picasso, Braque and Le Fauconnier, whom Kandinsky and Jawlensky had invited. In 1911, Kandinsky, Kubin, Franz Marc, Gabriele Münter and a few others then founded the "Blue Rider" group, which Jawlensky and Marianne de Wrefkin joined in 1912. Paul Klee and Lyonel Feininger also joined it not much later, and Jawlensky then remained so closely associated with both of them, as well as with Kandinsky, that he founded with these three masters, in 1921, the group known as "The Blue Four."

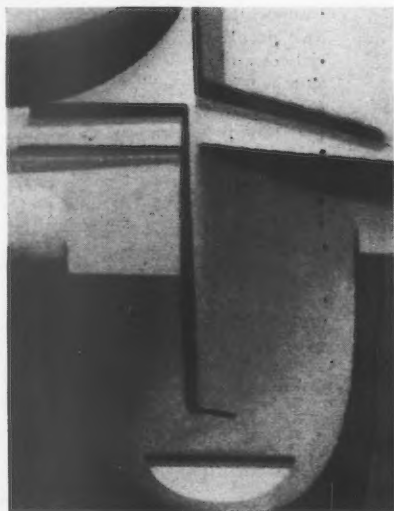
From 1910 to 1914 Jawlensky's style remained rich in its contrasts of pure tones. In his portraits he was almost a fauvist. The neo-primitivism of his stylization of line and volume thus offers analogies with that of Modigliani and of Picasso's and Derain's "Negro" periods. Jawlensky's use of color, however, reveals the same awareness of the esthetics of Far Eastern art, with its lack of interest in perspective and chiaroscuro, as one can also detect in the works of certain Nabi painters, especially Bonnard and Vuillard, and in the early fauvist works of Matisse and Van Dongen. In his landscapes Jawlensky seems, on the other hand, to have been more emotional than any French artist of his generation except perhaps Vlaminck. A modernist and neo-primitivist heir to the traditions of Levitan's somber and brooding interpretations of the Russian scene, Jawlensky can now be situated, as author of these bright-colored landscapes of before 1914, somewhere between the brilliantly Slavic post-impressionism of Kandinsky's early work, the almost childlike contempt for realism in color or perspective that characterizes the *Blue Horses* and the landscapes of Franz Marc, the boldly expressionistic design and color harmonies of Emil Nolde, and the introspective moodiness of Corinth's views of the Bavarian Walchensee, so deeply aware of the hidden violence of an impending summer storm and so closely related, in this respect, to some of Vlaminck's most romantic and least Gallic visions of a tortured French countryside.

Since his years of apprenticeship under Riepin, Jawlensky had now traveled far. In some respects his evolution is almost unique in the history of modern art. He had indeed absorbed, by 1914, almost every technique and style, with the exception of cubism, that had been attempted by three whole generations of pioneers in painting, since the first impressionists around 1860. Only a few younger Jewish painters of a later generation, such as Chagall, were destined, after 1910, to travel as long and arduous a way, from the traditionalism of the provincial academies of Vilna or Odessa where they obtained their first instruction to the complete freedom achieved later as painters of the School of Paris. But it was again to Léon Bakst that a young painter such as Chagall owed, during his brief stay in Saint Petersburg, his initiation to a folkloristic or Asiatic exuberance of color; in much of his early work, especially in certain self-portraits painted in Vitebsk, Chagall had also preferred the grays and browns of Levitan and of a Rembrandt-



Crooked Mouth (1917);
courtesy Kleemann Galleries.

Tragic Head
(1928); courtesy
Sidney Janis Gallery.



Visage—Variation in Orange and Purple
(1936); courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery.



ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY

esque post-romanticism of which Jozef Israels remains the most famous exponent.

Jawlensky's fauvist portraits, in spite of their bright colors, are often somewhat Siavic or at least Dostoiewskian in their introspective melancholy. His 1911 *The Hunchback* thus expresses an awareness of pain and of humiliation, a sense of pity, that are generally attributed to the so-called "Jewish art" of Modigliani or Soutine. In Jawlensky's landscapes too, one can detect an element of Orientalism or of primitivism that he shared with Gauguin, Franz Marc, Emil Nolde and even Marsden Hartley rather than with Cézanne, Guillaumin, Bonnard or Marquet. But the Revolution, the years of exile and later of Stalinist conformism and persecution, have now dispersed all those who might, in Russia, have contributed toward establishing a Russian school of modern painting as independent and distinctive as the French, the German or the American schools. Jawlensky thus became, with Kandinsky, Larionow, Gontcharowa, Chagall, Ryback, Lasar Segall and others, one of those Russian-born artists whose contribution to the art of the Western world is more important than what they might perhaps have contributed to the traditions of Russian painting. After 1912, thanks to his friendship with Paul Klee, with the expressionist master Emil Nolde, and with others, Jawlensky was increasingly aware both of his integration within the framework of the German modernist movement and of his own peculiar vocation as a painter of profound spiritual experiences and of sacred art. But his evolution, here too, was as slow as it had already been from the romantic realism of Riepin to the fauvism or expressionism of the portraits and landscapes that now prove him an equal of Matisse and Van Dongen, of Marc and of Ernst-Ludwig Kirchner.

DURING the First World War, Jawlensky was forced to leave Germany, as a Russian, and to seek refuge in Switzerland, where he was in close contact with his friend Hodler. Gradually, the landscapes and still-life arrangements that he painted in oils became lighter and more tender in their harmonies, often limiting themselves to pastel shades juxtaposed

in smooth patches of color, without any outlines such as those that had been so dark and heavy in much of his work between 1905 and 1914. A whole landscape is now composed, at times, of delicately contrasted fields of color that achieve, in oils, effects similar to those of certain Klee watercolors. In this respect, Jawlensky was a precursor of some Paris tachist painters, especially Vaito, Kallos or Feher, who have handled color similarly since 1950.

But Jawlensky's devotion to music, especially to the work of Beethoven, also began to affect his whole approach to his own art. Instead of painting, as in the past, each work as an individual artistic phenomenon *an sich*, he created more and more often a whole series of interdependent works, each one of which is a variation on a given theme that is handled again in all the other works of such a series. In each variation, the rhythm of the forms or the harmony of the colors is modified, though the subject remains the same. Jawlensky's portraits, especially after 1920, thus become increasingly abstract, as if influenced by the barely representational styles of certain Paris orphists, cubists or purists such as Delaunay, Léger, Marcelle Cahn or Amédée Ozenfant, or by the Russian rayonist or suprematist painters Larionow and Maliewitsch. But Jawlensky, in his stylization of the human face, was seeking to achieve something quite different, a hieratic rather than an architectural effect, a greater spiritual concentration through discipline in an impersonal art rather than through freedom in self-expression. Only in the *Heads of Our Saviour* that he painted in the last years of his life did his purpose at last become quite clear. Like the Zen-Buddhist masters of calligraphic design or the ikon-painters of medieval Byzantium, Jawlensky could express himself most intensely when he restricted himself to a minimum of freedom. In differences of design, of color or of texture that seem infinitesimal but that we can still detect between one *Head of Our Saviour* and another, the artist really managed to record a vast scale of emotions, ranging from despair in awareness of self to a truly selfless ecstasy, emotions that indeed characterize the apparent monotony but real spiritual variety of a true hermit's life.

There is a sort of Paul Poiret and Lalique modernism, a "mauve decade" or Proustian tenuousness, in the color harmonies that characterize Jawlensky's production of his years of exile in Switzerland and of the years of his return to Germany immediately after the War. These color schemes, one should not forget, were also those of the costumes of his friend the dancer Alexandre Sakharoff; they continued to be those of much modern art until the great Paris *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs* in the late twenties. After the War, however, Jawlensky returned to live in Germany and finally settled in Wiesbaden, where an arthritic complaint deprived him increasingly of the use of his hands. From 1930 onwards, he was only rarely able to paint at all or even to draw; it was then that he seems to have restricted himself to an uninterrupted series of variations on two themes, the face of a *Mater Dolorosa* and that of a *Christ Crucified*, two visions that haunted all his religious meditations until the very end of his life. The miraculous ikon remembered from his childhood had now become his only source of inspiration, and Jawlensky thus achieved, in these *Meditations* that even his most enthusiastic critics have so far tended to neglect, a kind of religious art that is analogous, within the strict traditions of Greek Orthodoxy, to that which Rouault has achieved within the greater freedom of Roman Catholicism. In this respect, Jawlensky remains an absolutely unique personality in the history of modern art, indeed the only creator of a truly new style of ikon-painting since the somewhat pre-Raphaelitic or German-Nazarene "neo-Renaissance" painters had begun, a hundred years ago, to flood the churches of Russia, of Greece, even of Constantinople and of Mount Athos, with their bloodless and histrionic imitations of Raphael, of Correggio or of Murillo. Reverting, beyond the art of the Schools of Kiev, of Crete and of Mount Athos, to the hieratic and almost geometrical style of the Byzantine painters of a thousand years ago, indeed of the age when religious art, threatened by the "Ikonoklasts," scarcely allowed itself to be at

Blue Vase (1937); courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery.





Spanish Girl (1912); collection Rex de C. Nan Kivell, London,
courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery.

all figurative, Jawlensky has created a style that might yet save the sacred art of Greek Orthodoxy from the decadent repetitiousness of its last representatives in our age.

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ALEXEI VON JAWLENSKY

esque post-romanticism of which Jozef Israels remains the most famous exponent.

Jawlensky's fauvist portraits, in spite of their bright colors, are often somewhat Slavic or at least Dostoiewskian in their introspective melancholy. His 1911 *The Hunchback* thus expresses an awareness of pain and of humiliation, a sense of pity, that are generally attributed to the so-called "Jewish art" of Modigliani or Soutine. In Jawlensky's landscapes too, one can detect an element of Orientalism or of primitivism that he shared with Gauguin, Franz Marc, Emil Nolde and even Marsden Hartley rather than with Cézanne, Guillaumin, Bonnard or Marquet. But the Revolution, the years of exile and later of Stalinist conformism and persecution, have now dispersed all those who might, in Russia, have contributed toward establishing a Russian school of modern painting as independent and distinctive as the French, the German or the American schools. Jawlensky thus became, with Kandinsky, Larionow, Gontcharowa, Chagall, Ryback, Lasar Segall and others, one of those Russian-born artists whose contribution to the art of the Western world is more important than what they might perhaps have contributed to the traditions of Russian painting. After 1912, thanks to his friendship with Paul Klee, with the expressionist master Emil Nolde and with others, Jawlensky was increasingly aware both of his integration within the framework of the German modernist movement and of his own peculiar vocation as a painter of profound spiritual experiences and of sacred art. But his evolution, here too, was as slow as it had already been from the romantic realism of Riepin to the fauvism or expressionism of the portraits and landscapes that now prove him an equal of Matisse and Van Dongen, of Marc and of Ernst-Ludwig Kirchner.

DURING the First World War, Jawlensky was forced to leave Germany, as a Russian, and to seek refuge in Switzerland, where he was in close contact with his friend Hodler. Gradually, the landscapes and still-life arrangements that he painted in oils became lighter and more tender in their harmonies, often limiting themselves to pastel shades juxtaposed

in smooth patches of color, without any outlines such as those that had been so dark and heavy in much of his work between 1905 and 1914. A whole landscape is now composed, at times, of delicately contrasted fields of color that achieve, in oils, effects similar to those of certain Klee watercolors. In this respect, Jawlensky was a precursor of some Paris tachist painters, especially Vaito, Kallos or Feher, who have handled color similarly since 1950.

But Jawlensky's devotion to music, especially to the work of Beethoven, also began to affect his whole approach to his own art. Instead of painting, as in the past, each work as an individual artistic phenomenon *an sich*, he created more and more often a whole series of interdependent works, each one of which is a variation on a given theme that is handled again in all the other works of such a series. In each variation, the rhythm of the forms or the harmony of the colors is modified, though the subject remains the same. Jawlensky's portraits, especially after 1920, thus become increasingly abstract, as if influenced by the barely representational styles of certain Paris orphists, cubists or purists such as Delaunay, Léger, Marcelle Cahn or Amédée Ozenfant, or by the Russian rayonist or suprematist painters Larionow and Maliewitch. But Jawlensky, in his stylization of the human face, was seeking to achieve something quite different, a hieratic rather than an architectural effect, a greater spiritual concentration through discipline in an impersonal art rather than through freedom in self-expression. Only in the *Heads of Our Saviour* that he painted in the last years of his life did his purpose at last become quite clear. Like the Zen-Buddhist masters of calligraphic design or the ikon-painters of medieval Byzantium, Jawlensky could express himself most intensely when he restricted himself to a minimum of freedom. In differences of design, of color or of texture that seem infinitesimal but that we can still detect between one *Head of Our Saviour* and another, the artist really managed to record a vast scale of emotions, ranging from despair in awareness of self to a truly selfless ecstasy, emotions that indeed characterize the apparent monotony but real spiritual variety of a true hermit's life.

There is a sort of Paul Poiret and Lalique modernism, a "mauve decade" or Proustian tenuousness, in the color harmonies that characterize Jawlensky's production of his years of exile in Switzerland and of the years of his return to Germany immediately after the War. These color schemes, one should not forget, were also those of the costumes of his friend the dancer Alexandre Sakharoff; they continued to be those of much modern art until the great Paris *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs* in the late twenties. After the War, however, Jawlensky returned to live in Germany and finally settled in Wiesbaden, where an arthritic complaint deprived him increasingly of the use of his hands. From 1930 onwards, he was only rarely able to paint at all or even to draw; it was then that he seems to have restricted himself to an uninterrupted series of variations on two themes, the face of a *Mater Dolorosa* and that of a *Christ Crucified*, two visions that haunted all his religious meditations until the very end of his life. The miraculous ikon remembered from his childhood had now become his only source of inspiration, and Jawlensky thus achieved, in these *Meditations* that even his most enthusiastic critics have so far tended to neglect, a kind of religious art that is analogous, within the strict traditions of Greek Orthodoxy, to that which Rouault has achieved within the greater freedom of Roman Catholicism. In this respect, Jawlensky remains an absolutely unique personality in the history of modern art, indeed the only creator of a truly new style of ikon-painting since the somewhat pre-Raphaelitic or German-Nazarene "neo-Renaissance" painters had begun, a hundred years ago, to flood the churches of Russia, of Greece, even of Constantinople and of Mount Athos, with their bloodless and histrionic imitations of Raphael, of Correggio or of Murillo. Reverting, beyond the art of the Schools of Kiev, of Crete and of Mount Athos, to the hieratic and almost geometrical style of the Byzantine painters of a thousand years ago, indeed of the age when religious art, threatened by the "Ikonoklasts," scarcely allowed itself to be at

Blue Vase (1937); courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery.





Spanish Girl (1912); collection Rex de C. Nan Kivell, London.
courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery.

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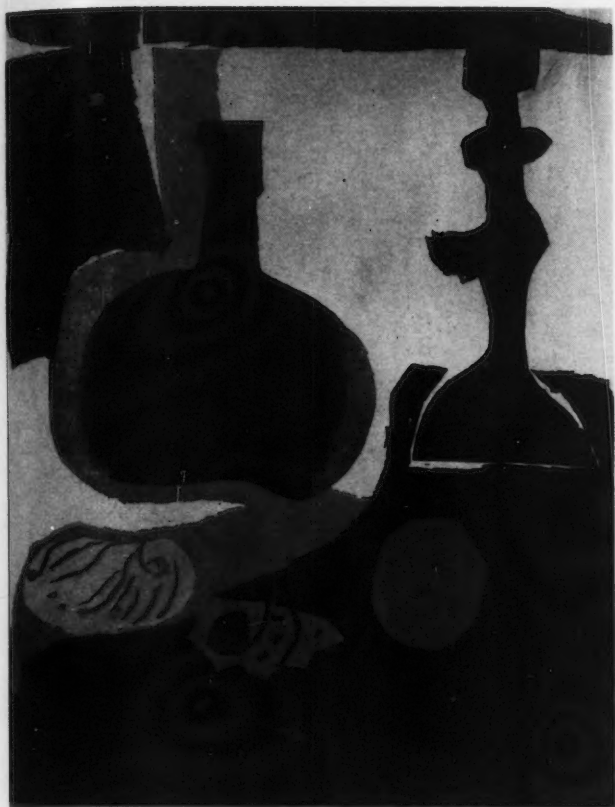


Seong Moy (U.S.A.), THE YELLOW CHAMBER.

THE COLOR WOODCUT

*Its relevance today is borne out
in an exhibition of prints from twenty-five countries.*

AN International Color Woodcut Exhibition which strikingly attests to the vitality of the medium in contemporary art is currently on tour in Canada, where it is being circulated by the National Gallery, Ottawa. Originally organized at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, the exhibition revealed a significance that was immediately recognized, and the works on display have since aroused enthusiastic interest at showings throughout England, continental Europe and the United States. At the conclusion of the Canadian tour the exhibition will return to this country; visits to the Cincinnati Art Museum in April and the Fort Worth Art Center in July have already been announced.



Carlotta Stocker (Switzerland), VASE AND CANDLESTICK.



Voitto Vikainen (Finland), A FROSTY MORNING.

When Peter Floud, C.B.E., began organizing the exhibition in England, he soon found himself in communication with artists who, in all six continents of the globe, were intensely concerned with the special possibilities of the woodcut. He experienced no difficulty in assembling, from over 120 artists in 25 different countries, prints that were clearly of a standard warranting display in a national museum. And he observed that, with insignificant exceptions, these prints "tend to be the work of younger artists of an *avant-garde* persuasion rather than of older men continuing to work in an outmoded idiom."

While noting the present vigor of the color woodcut across most of the world, Mr. Floud regretfully pointed out that the medium has gone into decline in France and England. The neglect of the medium is particularly mysterious in France, where until recent years it was so skillfully and so extensively used to translate watercolors into book illustrations. In England the medium apparently has "lost face" for adult artists since the color linocut and woodcut came into recognition, in the years between the wars, as the standard means for the instruction of children. In America somewhat comparable happenings in education produced an opposite effect; the attention given to the woodcut in WPA classes stimulated rather than deterred the interest of maturing artists. Today the woodcut flourishes in America as if in a singularly favorable climate, and the current exhibition presents masterly examples by Antonio Frasconi, Robert Marx, Seong Moy, Hans Alexander Mueller, Luigi Rist, Anne Ryan, Louis Schanker, Charles Smith and Adja Yunkers. In company with more than a hundred artists from nearly every part of the world, they bear witness to the appeal exerted by clean outlines, crisp coloring and sharply defined planes—the inalienable characteristics of the medium.

Raymond Rogent (Spain), NUDE.





Egyptian, FUNERARY STELA, Middle Kingdom.

RARE EGYPTIAN PIECES

*spanning three millennia
illustrate the acquisition policy
in effect at the Brooklyn Museum.*

THE Brooklyn Museum recently presented to the public its "Egyptian Art: Five Years of Collecting," a special exhibition of some 130 pieces acquired by the Egyptian Department since 1951. Continuing on display through March 17, the show emphasizes the fine quality and rarity of accessions uncovered in a notoriously lean market by the Museum's Curator of Egyptian Art, John D. Cooney. The majority of the objects have not been previously displayed. Particularly notable are a majestic stone queen's head of the Twelfth Dynasty (c. 1900 B.C.), a seated figure of the great Middle Kingdom ruler Sesostriis III, and a portrait in wood of Methethy, a royal official of the late Fifth Dynasty (c. 2420 B.C.). Significant as an indication of daily life in the Eleventh Dynasty is a limestone funerary stela (c. 2065 B.C.) with low-relief figures beneath three bands of inscription. The invocation implores the god Osiris to provide, in the afterworld, "bread and beer, beef and fowl for the honored Intef, born of Senebet, and for his beloved wife, Senet-tekh." The central figure is the deceased Intef, seated on a stool; his wife embraces him affectionately, and their pet dog sits beneath the stool. The figure standing opposite them is their trusted steward, Imy, who will accompany them in the afterlife.

THE ART OF THE COPTS

*asserts a forthright strength
in a sculpture and textile display
currently at the Delacorte Gallery.*

COPTIC art, little known outside a virtual coterie of painters and scholars, is currently featured, until January 26, in an exhibition of sculpture and textiles at the Delacorte Gallery. An Egypto-Christian sect, the Copts flourished in Egypt particularly from the second to the seventh century. They were the direct descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and it is not too surprising that as artists they should have included in their iconography the figures of Horus, Anubis and other old pagan gods. At the Mediterranean crossroads of the world, Coptic artists were affected not only by Christian and Egyptian influences, but by Hellenistic and Syrio-Palestinian as well—the lattermost being especially evident in the small bone carvings shown in the Delacorte exhibition. Here modes of treatment from the eastern tip of the Mediterranean reduce the powerful Dynastic and the elegant Hellenic figure to a simplification that is almost abstraction. But the peculiar strength of Coptic art is revealed above all in textiles, which have survived in quantity because of the dry Egyptian climate. Embodying a reaction against ornate Persian and Byzantine motifs, these works present a "simplicity" that suggests Rouault, Derain and Vlaminck, who knew and prized the art of the Copts.

**Coptic,
NUDE,
third or fourth century.**



*A benefit exhibition at Knoedler's
underscores a record of growth and achievement.*

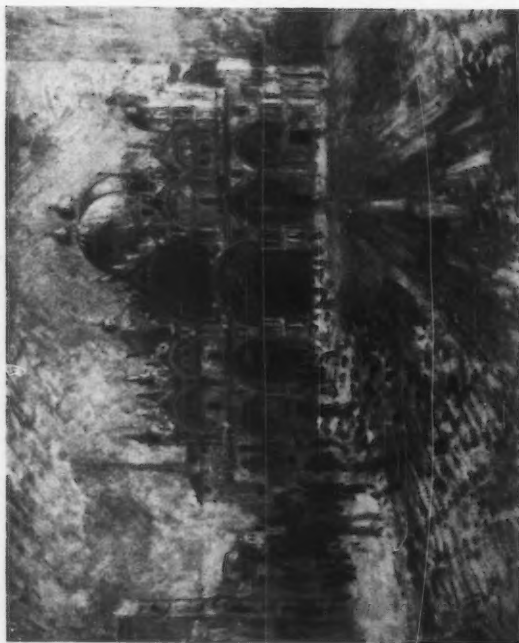
THE MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS

SCRUPULOUSLY selected from the thousands of works in the collections of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, an exhibition of distinguished quality will be presented this month at the Knoedler Galleries, bringing to New York twenty-five paintings and ten pieces of sculpture of which half have never before been displayed either here or in the country at large. A benefit showing, the exhibition will begin with a preview the evening of Monday, January 14, and will then be open to the general public through February 2. Proceeds will be devoted to the technical conservation of the irreplaceable works of art in the Institute's collections.

The pictures to be shown offer, in a series of admirable examples, an *aperçu* of Western painting, from the fourteenth-century Bernardo Daddi's *Madonna and Child Enthroned among Saints* to Henri Matisse's *White Plumes*. Best-known perhaps of all the works is El Greco's *Christ Driving the Money Changers from the Temple*. The Dutch and Flemish are richly represented, with oils by Rembrandt, Hobbema, Van Ruysdael, Claesz, Rubens and David Teniers the Younger. In French nineteenth-century painting the representation is similarly impressive, with important works by Corot, Daumier, Monet, Degas, Renoir, Pissarro, Cézanne, Seurat, Gauguin and Bonnard. As for the sculpture, a catholic selection presents works of remarkable interest and quality; pieces range from a sixth-century B.C. Persian Hamadan figure to Brancusi's *The Yellow Bird*.

The works in the Knoedler exhibition derive from collections which, through a total of more than twenty-five thousand objects, maintain a rigorous level of excellence. Relatively

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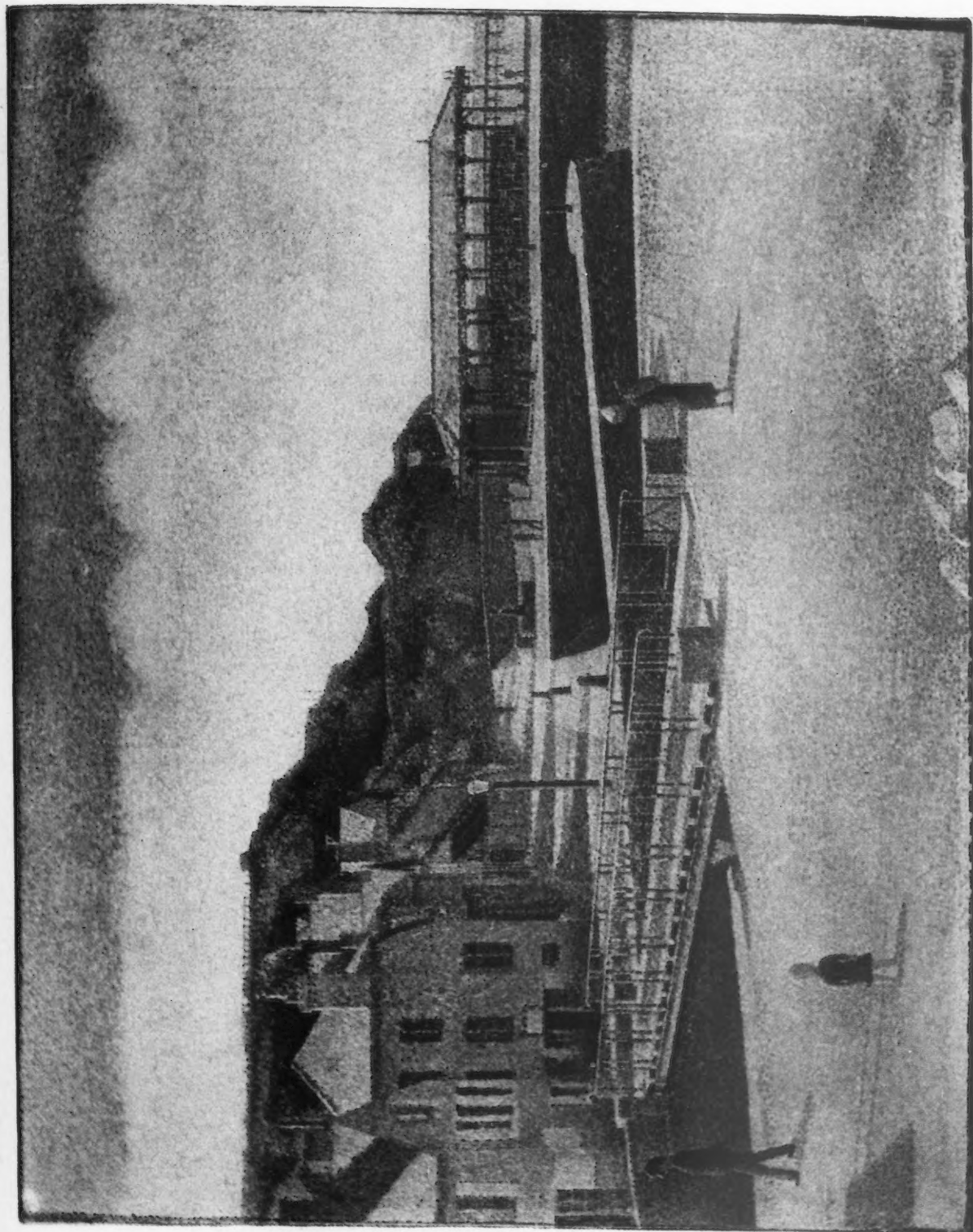


Pierre Auguste Renoir, SAN MARCO.



Honoré Daumier, THE REFUGEES.

Georges Pierre Seurat, FORT EN BESIN.



Rembrandt van Rijn, LUCRETIA.





El Greco, CHRIST DRIVING THE MONEY CHANGERS FROM THE TEMPLE.



Henri Matisse,
THE WHITE PLUME.

Rembrandt van Rijn. LUCRETTIA.





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*Henri Matisse.
THE WHITE PLUME.*

THE MINNEAPOLIS
INSTITUTE OF ARTS



Bernardo Daddi, TRIPTYCH PORTABLE ALTAR.

Edvard Munch, JEALOUSY.





Chinese,
THE KNEELING MAN,
Huai style.



Chinese, WINE VESSEL IN OWL SHAPE, Yin or Early Chou period.

Edgar Degas, PORTRAIT OF MILE HORTENSE VALPINCON.



continued from page 32

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The origins of the museum go back to 1883, seventeen years after the incorporation of Minneapolis, when the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts was founded by a group of citizens interested in the cultural future of the young city. Led by William E. Folwell, the Society planned a center where the arts could be taught and displayed. An art school and gallery were soon set up in the Public Library, and the Society began to plan a building of its own. The project, however, was blasted by the depression of 1893, and it was not until 1909 that the Society formally established the Minneapolis Institute of Arts and created a building fund. The Institute building was completed early in 1915—when the art collections comprised scarcely eight hundred objects.

In the four decades that have followed, the Institute, as a display center for great works of art, has acted equally as a center of education for the appreciation of the visual arts and as an incentive and guide for private collecting. The museum's treasures have grown both through gifts of funds for purchase of works of art and through gifts of individual works from the private collections of its benefactors. The four most important funds which have provided the means to enlarge the collections through purchase bear the names of William Hood Dunwoody, John R. Van Derlip, Ethel Morrison Van Derlip and Lillian Zenobia Turnblad.

Today the museum can boast not only an extraordinary assemblage of art treasures, but a remarkably active program of loan exhibitions and educational services. Its almost meteoric progress must be attributed above all to the influence of its two directors, Joseph Breck (1914-17) and Russell A. Plimpton (1921-57). Under their guidance the Institute has emphasized, and made relevant to the community, the finest expressions of art in all the tributaries of our cultural heritage.

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Flying Full (1944); courtesy Ione and Hudson Walker.

B. J. O. NORDFELDT: THE LAST FULL YEARS

BY SUZANNE BURREY

B. J. O. NORDFELDT was an obstinate man. In the last years of his life he retired to a studio in New Jersey to confront his canvas with the fullest concentration: "If it is what you yourself believe is perfection, then it is right." Concerned with the abstract design of the painting, he restricted his subject matter to the simplest representational elements. If a visitor to his studio admired some lyric color passage in particular, he would rub it out afterwards, for he wanted no individual area to distract from the total impression. In portraiture, still life, landscapes and figure studies, the whole range of genres with which he had been dealing as a romantic realist with a weakness for the ponderous during the early and middle years of his painting career, he reduced his imagery and enriched his design, resolving linear motifs within complex textures, making repeated attacks upon the same problems.

Past sixty when he came to satisfactory terms with his medium, he had developed a vigorous and practiced hand; he had always been captivated by technical challenges and had a craftsman's delight in laying on oils. Nordfeldt began painting at the turn of the century in every current mode—from Whis-

lerian nocturnes to fauvish expressionism, trying them all with considerable facility. He subjected himself to many weathers, struggling in different media, often radically changing his approach. Ambitious thrusts, many of which led to a dead end or disappointment, preceded those paintings of Nordfeldt, 1941-1955, which have been gathered together for a retrospective exhibition at the Passadoit Gallery this month. An enormous volume of work not shown is a record of trial and error, of determined assaults against limitations, both inherent and self-imposed.

Into the later paintings, now on view, he projected his own struggle as an artist; the symbolism relates to his isolated self. Usually there is one image: a huge conch shell, a pile of rock, one vase against an open window, a flying gull, asserting its strength and force against a stark backdrop. When the symbols are multiple they tend to have a rhythmic pattern blending them into a single strain, whether a school of fishes, a cluster of trees, a series of rocks and waves, a flight of birds, or the Twelve Apostles. The paint is laid on in a heavy impasto, scraped down in places, and bonded into an amalgam which suggests geological permanence—a stucco texture with the glint

of many colors through a unifying chalky whiteness. The sea paintings especially, which Nordfeldt worked on from 1941 until his death in March, 1955, give forth an elemental, mineral integrity, like battered stones.

THE struggle began in 1897 when Nordfeldt, at the age of 19, not yet able to speak English, emerged from the immigrant environment of Chicago (he was born in Tullstorp, Scania, in Sweden) and began to study at the Art Institute. After coming east with the mural painter Albert Herter (who told him not to be afraid to lay on paint like plaster), Nordfeldt went to Paris, studied for a month or two at the Académie Julien, and then went off on his own, awakened to the power of Manet, Gauguin and Cézanne. Although a painting of his was accepted by the Salon des Artistes Français, Nordfeldt (perhaps seeing Japanese influences in the work of Whistler and Toulouse-Lautrec) became intrigued by the wood-block technique and went to England to study the process under Frank Morley Fletcher (Nordfeldt and Arthur Dow were American pioneers in this technique). First the woodcut, then etching, brought forth his best efforts. Woodcuts of the sea and the gulls of the coast of Sweden done in 1903 are his most sensitive early work; the craft-based nature of the graphic media readily appealed to him (perhaps this was his Scandinavian heritage; he always had a penchant for wood carving, even decorating beams and doorways in his homes). While he made a living and traveled abroad as a journeyman etcher, he continued to paint and yet was not satisfied that he had found his own uniqueness. "What you like to do, Nord," said Mary Heaton Vorse, the blue-stocking journalist whose articles on Italian travel were illustrated with Nordfeldt etchings, "is get your paintings into a box and put the lid on."

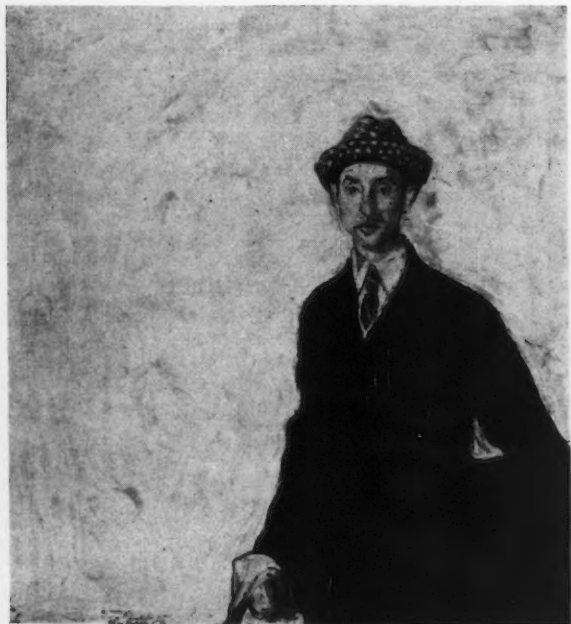
In 1905 he exhibited in Chicago, the same year he was painting a portrait of Thorstein Veblen. The paintings were skillful renderings in two opposite veins: severely outlined, flattened figure studies like Manet's, in bright colors, and softened pale landscapes and figures in Whistler's subject matter—all ambitiously wrought. By 1910, when he painted the portrait of Robert Friedel, he had fused Whistlerian concepts of space (and exaggerated them) with fauve-like colors. The bright palette of his Chicago scenes (a result of his attempts to capture more exotic landscapes in Venice and Tangiers) "shocked" the critics in Milwaukee and Chicago. Harriet Monroe, however, was moved to write in the *Chicago Tribune*: "Two pictures strike me as the most dramatic and poetic representation

of the grandiose beauty of a modern American metropolis which any painter has achieved." His friend Floyd Dell praised Nordfeldt's vivid colors. In 1914, critics of his first one-man show in New York found his "modernism" refreshing. There may have been a certain stiffness in his composition, but there was daring as well. Passages overdone and figures somewhat lifeless contrasted with bravura in outline and color.

Having won recognition in the East for his Chicago etchings and for some of France done in 1913, he was commissioned by Harlows to do a series of etchings of New York bridges and buildings. One of the "discoverers" of Provincetown (he divided his time between there and New York), Nordfeldt designed sets for the famous Playhouse there. (He also did some acting, playing the Swede in Eugene O'Neill's *Bound East for Cardiff*.) In Provincetown he became involved in developing a method of doing multi-colored wood blocks in one printing. Once he had succeeded, the results proved to be not much different from hundreds of other illustrations of nets and boats, and he dropped the idea. It was characteristic of Nordfeldt to become briefly preoccupied with a new technical challenge.

One might assume, from the general trend of the period before and just after World War I, that Nordfeldt won his medals in etching through fine draftsmanship. Actually he was not a meticulous draftsman, and he was wary of academic discipline: "I take the plate out and draw direct from nature on the copper with the needle. There is only one objection and that is that prints are reversed—'backward.' The gain is spontaneity of execution and essential form. The value of an etching is not its photographic fidelity to the subject, but its insistence on mass—on only such detail as will help to build the mass." Nordfeldt's etched lines are generally soft and fuzzy, and his *forte* lies in his feeling for atmosphere and a knack for the dramatic contrast in the scale of bridges, buildings and trees. His architectural studies have a sense of immediacy, an arresting quality of observation that derives from a response to the environment rather than his later concern for volume and weight. If there is one recurring trait in all of Nordfeldt's art, it is his disregard for detail and his concern for the relation of positive and negative spaces—awakened through his studies of Whistler, Manet and the never-forgotten Japanese prints.

All his Indian dance paintings and portraits of Indians, the composition of Mexican figures in adobe houses to which he addressed himself after World War I remain essentially sober exercises in spatial organization. The subject matter of the Southwest (he established a permanent residence in Santa



Above: *Deer Dance* (1920); courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe. Left: *Portrait of Robert Friedel* (1910).



Road, Kansas (1934).

B. J. O. NORDFELDT

Fe during the twenties) appealed to him for its primitive simplicity and warm colors. He carried preoccupation with mass into his paintings and became fascinated by egg tempera until he mastered its application on board and canvas. Close to forty, he regarded his years devoted to the graphic media with regret, gave up etching and never returned to it. Although they win respect, Nordfeldt's studious paintings of adobe huts and dark brown figures are handicapped by conscious planning and stolidity: his insistence upon symmetrical composition and heavy outline. While he is obviously concerned with serious plastic problems, the figures tend to be banal and stiff. Apart from the crucifixion ceremonies of the cult of the Penitentes which he witnessed, Nordfeldt seems to have stood alien from the *dramatis personae* of the Southwest, and the chief value of the decade that he spent there was his response to the decorative arts of the Indians, the patterns and colors of their blankets and pottery.

He seems to have felt a new delight in Minneapolis, where he went to teach in 1933. In landscapes his emphasis changes from flattened structure and somber browns to lyric color, where the new greenness of spring, the yellows of summer and the earthy whiteness of winter landscapes are joyously painted, and represent an emotional release. These paintings are at an opposite pole from the rigidly organized Santa Fe canvases. They give the impression of having been painted with real enthusiasm. Yet there seems to be a lack of depth. While there is an emotional identification with the act of painting, evidenced by some rich painterly surfaces, there is too little self-criticism. Nordfeldt was always wary of what he called "fool-the-eye" methods, and perhaps working directly from nature misguided him as far as the immediate results were concerned; there was a disparity between his ideas about painting—his desire for simplicity, directness, strong design, and his respect for the flatness of the picture plane—and the difficulties of an actual scene. The better-composed pictures are of the less com-

plex vistas, such as stumps and floods, yet the effect of these heavily repetitious forms is melodramatic. He avoided anecdote and illustration, preferring to render still scenes: trees and hills with a figure stopping on horseback, a clustered village, barnyards, even large holes in the ground. This haphazard selection reiterates what is even more apparent in the Santa Fe series: that he had not yet formed an emotional center; that while he disregarded "subject matter" as such, his method was still conventional. Witness the fact that *Road, Kansas* (1934), is the most effective canvas of that period. Painted much more thinly than his later oils, the approach is nonetheless kindred to his later still lifes in its poster-like design. Its eloquent simplicity is a foretaste of his later fruition.

THE astonishing thing is the inner power that came to this dogged painter when he was past sixty and, by that time, settled with his second wife, Emily Abbott, in the rolling farm country of Lambertville, New Jersey. He seized his medium on a larger scale—and he saw largely as well. A lifetime of research in color and design bore fruit. The problems of dealing with three-dimensional space no longer trammel him, and he plants his subjects firmly in the foreground, painting richly a black pitcher, a white vase, a bowl of poppies—and figures, investing his subjects with a textural and tonal conviction. No longer struggling against a tendency toward symmetry, he plays the power of a central placement for all it is worth. In each successive portrait of negro figures, he reduces the background more and more until, in his most powerful work on this theme, *Up to Slavery*, there is nothing but the deliberate artifice of an arch. The same occurs in the powerful still lifes of the early forties; they contain such devices as arches and windows. Obvious and deliberate, they are nonetheless inte-

Right: *White Zinnias* (1948); collection of Mr. Joseph H. Hirshhorn.



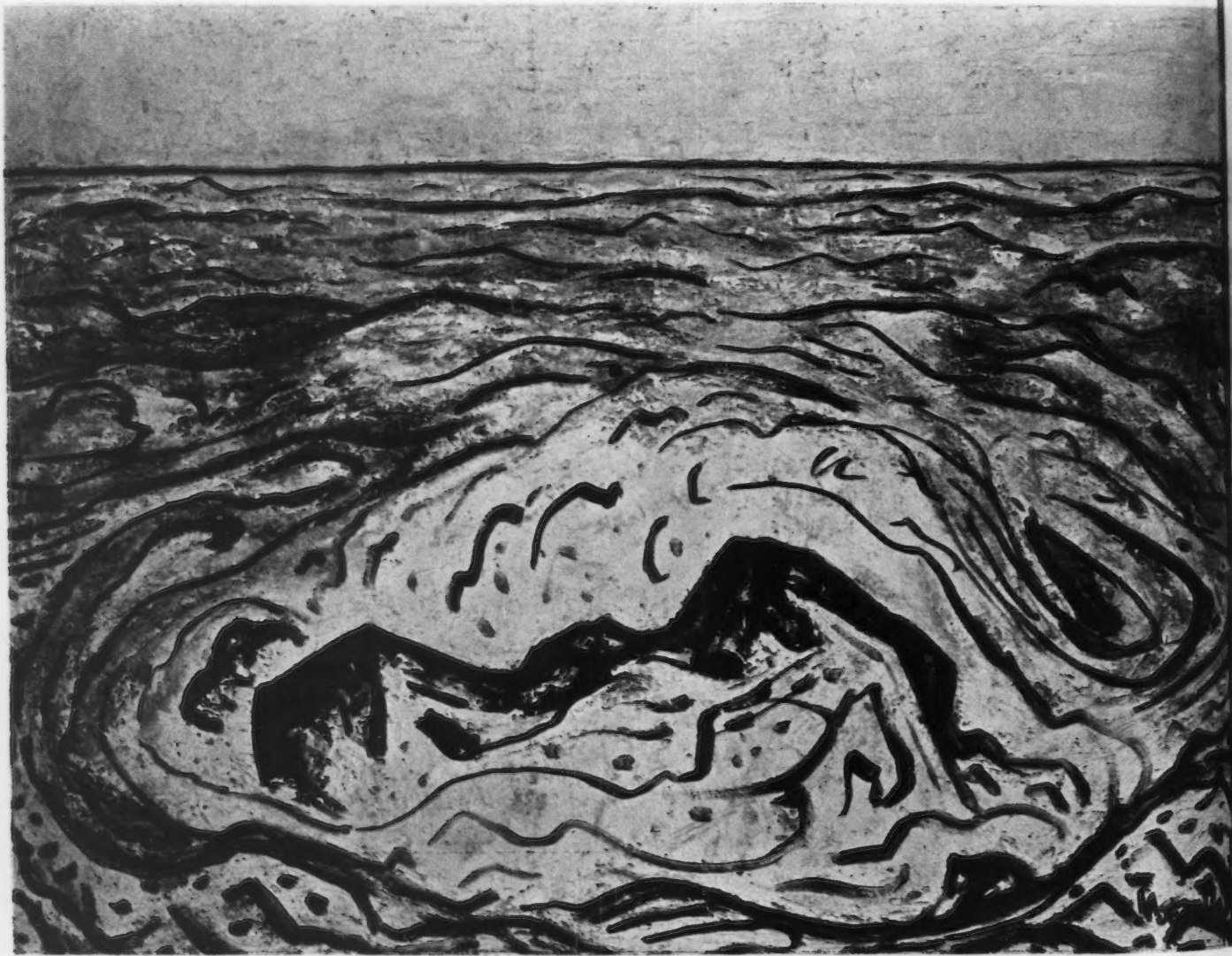
B. J. O. NORDFELDT

grated and play a solid, consistent role in what Nordfeldt called the "idea-bones of the painting." Gradually these devices take on a less arbitrary character, as in *Sea, Morning*, where they are transformed into a highly calligraphic over-all pattern. Only, in fact, when his forms become entirely flattened does he achieve a completely satisfactory unity in terms of texture.

Up to Slavery illustrates, as does *The Road* and, later, *The Shell* (and earliest of all, of course, is *Robert Friedel*), how well Nordfeldt solved the problem of the single image against the simplest (even the emptiest) background. He is on sure footing in design—through the interplay of scale and a skillful contrast and fusion of colors. He fabricates a field, a context for his subject—almost out of nothing. There is magnificent suggestion in the pinks of *The Shell*, well placed against a streak of red in a creamy-brown environment.

But there are two distinct lines of development in these last rich years; the bounded single image represents only one of them. Second, and later, come the unbounded multiple images, as represented by *Fishes and Seaweed*. This picture is the transformation to a deeper level of the intricacy he had dealt with some ten years earlier in Derain-like forest scenes. In approaching the canvas as though he were weaving a tapestry, he was stimulated to include movement, excitement; for until

Sea, Morning (1954).



he explored undersea subjects, Nordfeldt's work is marked by a static quality, his composition relying heavily on the boundaries of the frame. *Sea, Morning*, profits by the new liveliness, and it is not so boldly stated but lightened by a calligraphic twinkle. His working habits had changed too during the forties. Formerly he had said: "Even a large canvas must be finished quickly or it is no good. I hate to take more than a day or two, no matter how large the canvas." But in the late forties he was working much longer on a canvas, putting it away, for months at a time, then taking it out again. The process corresponds to his deepened understanding of his aims, to the greater depth and solidity, which no longer seems ponderous and overbearing but inherent in his more complex and subtle technique of overpainting and impasto. Occasionally, there even appears some linear grace.

The last years, too, are marked by a particular imagery, its source closer to Nordfeldt's early impressions than to his immediate experience. It is as though working obstinately, daily, in his Lambertville studio, he probed beneath the surface layers of his mind to find touchstones in the unchanging images of the sea. The many flights of birds he painted hark back to woodcuts he made in 1902 of the gulls on the coast of Sweden. The New Testament subjects that he took up—crucifixions, Lazarus rising from the dead, Judas clutching his coins—are reminiscent of the rites of the Penitentes and, possibly, although he called himself an agnostic, the vivid impression of the orthodox Lutheranism of his childhood.

All of this imagery, whether of the sea or of the Bible, is highly stylized. The necks of his gulls and pigeons, for example, seem awkward, if not impossible. Their individual contours are grossly, even grotesquely, simplified for the sake of another consideration: the over-all design of a pattern of flight, a rhythm of color, the dramatic essence of a familiar Biblical story—or the sheer bigness and impact of a single form. As Nordfeldt explained his paintings of Christ and the Apostles, and his interpretations of Judas and Lazarus, he turned to these subjects because he wanted to do figures—but not in modern dress, and not portraits. He wanted a vehicle for dramatic composition, and he found it in Christian tradition. While they have little individuation, some of the studies are powerful—a crucifixion was purchased by the Worcester Museum, and it holds its own amid a collection that is strong in Italian primitives. If he disavowed any faith in the supernatural, he demonstrated an intense awareness of natural suffering, with heavy, sometimes crude, distortions of the figure. His treatment is consistent with his love for the primitive and his desire "to go back to the simple things." He was surest when he was satisfied that he had captured "not the literal likeness but just the absolute shapes that would give the feeling of the emotional impact." "First of all," he once wrote, in a letter, "I think the artist must have a belief that is unchanging in its larger aspects—something that is worth fighting for. My belief is in three-dimensional rhythms where solids and voids have equal consideration, where each creates the other." And this is the dominant conviction which Nordfeldt stamped on the paintings of his last years, an assertion of form at a high level of intensity.

He had, in a sense, reversed his approach since he etched scenes of Chicago and New York in his youth, giving them the freshness of a journal, since he painted Robert Friedel's portrait because he was intrigued by the subject. As his uneven struggle with the problems of expressing uniquely given visual phenomena was supplanted by an intrepid interest in designing areas in terms of a simple subject, he found his own strength. Concurrent with the general decline of realism, B. J. O. Nordfeldt lived to achieve, quite independently of trends and fashions, a personal triumph. He took his various steps forward through single-minded exercises, and stuck by the craftsman's conscience which had kept him a hardheaded realist until he dared to assert a craftsman's values in abstract terms. His obstinacy endured to serve him well, for all the while he was formulating a private equation which enabled him to reverse his failures and prevail.



The Shell (1950).



Second Cock Crow (1953).

Fish and Seaweed (1952).





Henri Matisse, *THE SLAVE* (1900-03), bronze, 36 $\frac{3}{8}$ " high; collection Museum of Modern Art.



Giacomo Manzù, *Portrait of a Lady* (1946), bronze, 59 $\frac{1}{4}$ " high; collection Museum of Modern Art.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

FOR reasons which remain obscure, the Museum of Modern Art (November 21-January 20) is showing its new acquisitions of European art apart from the new American acquisitions, which are promised for later in the season. One hopes this practice represents nothing more than a bureaucratic lapse. As a general rule it would be lamentable. The Modern is, after all, one of the few museums in New York where one can expect American artists to be shown in the company of their European contemporaries. With the Whitney next door devoting itself to American art exclusively—if not always very critically—and the Guggenheim concerned most of the time to show modern Europeans, it is only at the Modern that one now expects to see the best American art (or at least the best-publicized American art) exhibited side by side with its European counterparts. An exhibition of "New Acquisitions" would have been an excellent opportunity, and it is sad to see it missed.

But sadder still are the paintings in this exhibition, which, with a few exceptions (e.g., the new Renoir), constitute a very dubious assemblage. Some of these new works are really exe-

crable. Can one seriously believe that these works by Capogrossi, Vedova and Wols, say—to mention only the worst offenders—have passed into the *permanent* collection of the most influential museum of modern art in the world? What is most notable about the recent paintings in this exhibition is the vast international consistency of their bad taste. If there is a single tachist painter left in Europe who is not represented at the Modern—and actually, I suppose, there must be many—it can only be some failure in self-promotion which has kept him out. It certainly has nothing to do with artistic distinction.

In sculpture, however, the Modern can boast of some superlative choices—particularly Brancusi's *Socrates* (1923), Giacomo Manzù's *Portrait of a Lady* (1946), Matisse's *The Slave* (1900-03) and Picasso's *Baboon and Young* (1951)—and it is of these I wish to speak.

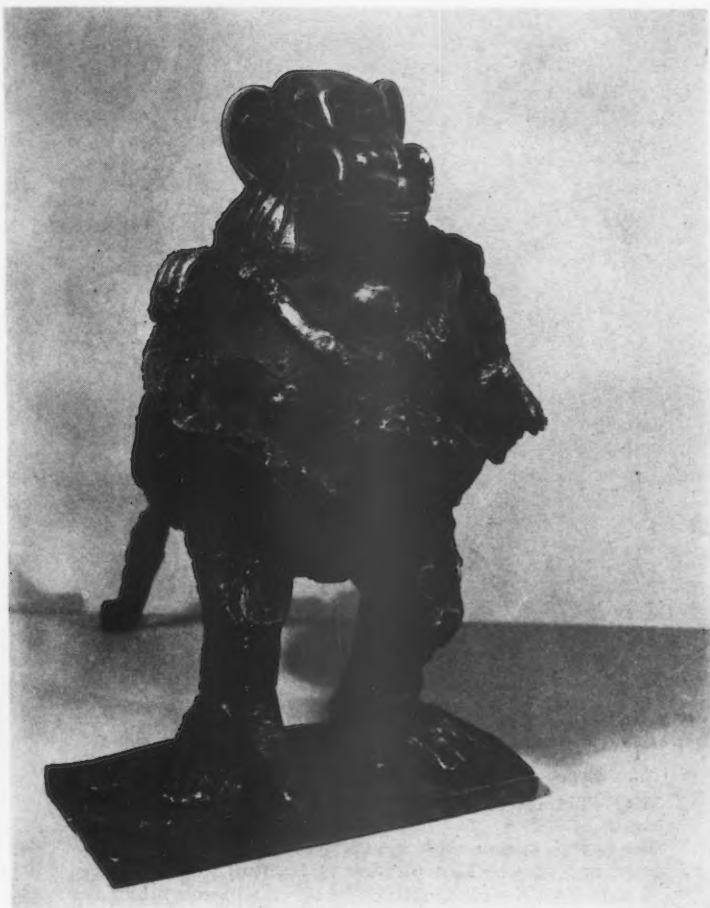
Matisse's *The Slave*, incredible as it may seem, is the artist's first original sculpture.* It speaks of the vision of Rodin and Bourdelle plainly enough, but also of the whole post-impressionist ambition to endow the materials of art itself with an expressive importance equal (at least) to that of the subject and thus to form a kind of perfect equation between subject and means, the latter bearing more and more the burden of feeling, the former becoming progressively more mediumistic. In *The Slave* the modeling of the male figure seizes upon the muscular structure of the body to impart a sculptural energy to every part of the surface so that the figure is never reduced

The current exhibitions of Balthus and Jackson Pollock at the Museum of Modern Art (December 19-February 3) were not available for preview; they will be discussed in these pages next month.—H.K.

*Matisse is known to have begun one piece before *The Slave*, a copy of Barye's *Jaguar Devouring a Hare* (1899-1901). He was thirty-four when he finished *The Slave* in 1903. See *Matisse: His Art and His Public*, by Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Museum of Modern Art, 1951.



Constantin Brancusi, *SOCRATES* (1923), wood, 51 1/4" high; collection Museum of Modern Art.



Pablo Picasso, *BABOON AND YOUNG* (1951), bronze, 21" high; collection Museum of Modern Art.

to a series of silhouettes or static profiles. It is built up in such a way that the nobility and power of the stance is never dissipated in the details, but, on the contrary, is constantly reiterated in the "flesh," as it were. Every detail of the modeling strikes one as equal in feeling to every other—which is not always the case, say, even in Degas's sculptures, superb as they are. In the latter one often feels a certain vacillation in the sculptor's mind between his absorption in perfecting a gesture and the concentration on expressive details of the modeling. I know of no sculpture by Matisse of which this is true.

It is interesting to consider Manzù's *Portrait of a Lady* in this context, for in that exquisite work the expressive details of the modeling, while evincing a very delicate sensibility, are always subordinated to the contours of larger forms—the folds of the lapels and skirt of the robe; the fingers of the hands, each handsomely articulated, and the equally lovely feet; the unutterably beautiful sweep of the neck and bosom . . . The sculptor is thus committed to these melodious, undulating forms as the principal means of conveying his sense of the figure. It is their rhythms which embody his feeling, and at every turn they speak of a profound sensuality transformed into elegance and repose. Only an Italian perhaps would have risked so beautiful a face. But every feature of the work—the face, the body, the garment—is evoked with a physical immediacy which, though never for a moment dematerialized, is delivered straightaway into the rhythm of these larger formal motifs. In the end all the sensuality and physicality is subsumed into the elegant contours of the whole.

It may be objected that it is a trifle too elegant and sensitive. Yet one takes it in easily enough, I think, because there is nothing gratuitously decorative in this unabashed preoccupation with physical beauty.

There is one difficulty in viewing Manzù's *Portrait*, however; I mean its physical ambience as a sculptural object. The unhappy brass bars which support the work on its large wooden pedestal are probably the best mechanical solution to the problem of exhibiting the work, but they are not a *sculptural* solution. They leave the work "floating," as it were, before the eye—and then only so long as the eye cautiously avoids anything but front views. Having neither a wall nor a sculpturally contiguous pedestal on which to rest, the *Portrait* leaves one at a loss to know how Manzù "saw" the work in its finality.

This problem of finality—of just how one is to regard the sculptural object in relation to its physical surroundings—has nowhere been so consummately resolved as in the sculpture of Brancusi. Every piece which comes from his hands comes bearing its own architecture, not only in the pedestals which form, as Sidney Geist remarked in these pages recently, a transitional sculpture between the object and the floor, but also in the carving itself, which precludes any easy continuity of feeling between the work of art and its physical context. The Modern's new *Socrates* is a wood carving on a stone pedestal. It distantly invokes some of the violence and irrationality of the primitive carvings which influenced modern art so decisively at the turn of the century, and yet these too are absorbed into the purity of an artistic will which found in the very process of the carver's art the perfect instrument for arriving at an expression of ultimate form. Sometimes one feels in the presence of Brancusi's work—particularly those in stone—that this very quality of the ultimate shuts one out; so little evidence remains of the human personality which made the object. But this is rarely true of the wood carvings, I think. The marks of the chisel are the marks of a sensibility which has an uncanny intelligence about its artistic goals. Unlike the modeler's art,



Fred Farr, ARMED FIGURE, bronze, 30" high; at Paul Rosenberg & Co.



Sidney Geist, RED RELIEF FIGURE, wood, 70" high; at the Tanager Gallery.



Joán Miró, PENGUIN, terra cotta, 7½" high; at the Pierre Matisse Gallery.

MONTH IN REVIEW

the carver's cannot abide the accident or the unintended gesture, and not the least pleasure of Brancusi's wood carvings derives from the contemplation of this intelligence which has anticipated stroke by stroke its exact path to the completion of an image. It is the strength of this intelligence, dominating every work from Brancusi's hand (and sometimes quite forbidding), which separates it from its surroundings and in the end dominates whatever physical context it occupies.

Picasso's *Baboon and Young* is one of many new Picassos the Modern has acquired recently, but no other is quite so interesting as this. The present exhibition is not the first time it has been shown in New York (the Kootz Gallery showed it last season, I believe), and the tour de force of the baboon's head, created out of a child's toy automobile—as surprising an *objet trouvé* as one is likely to see anywhere in sculpture—is something of a legend already. I think this flagrant piece of wit comes off, for the whole surface of this squat, rotund beast is so various, it invokes such a multiplicity of textural and expressive effects, that what might elsewhere have seemed only another unassimilated dadaist joke, conforms like every other expressive detail to the figurative function of the work. Picasso's temperament is somehow large enough to accommodate such a gesture without strain or artifice.

THE recent exhibition of twentieth-century sculpture at Paul Rosenberg and Company (December 3-29) presented a dazzling selection of small figurative pieces together with a few larger works by Maillol, Maldarelli and Rodin. Of the four small Degas sculptures included, I particularly admired the *Dressed Dancer at Rest* (1896-1911), and of the five Matisse's, the *Tiari* of 1930, by which time Matisse had completely delivered himself from the influence of Rodin and created a kind of "pure" style in sculpture all his own, without a trace of Rodin's late expressionist effects.

One cannot help noting that although the other exhibits are drawn from talents quite disparate in artistic intention—Fred Farr, Marino Marini, Henry Moore and Harvey Weiss are the other exhibitors—none displays anything like the wild temperament we observed in the Picasso *Baboon and Young*. With the exception of Farr and Weiss, in fact, the artists here give an impression of remarkable sedateness, of sensibilities

shuttling back and forth between late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century norms of romanticism and the classicist reactions which romantic art is constantly inspiring; above all they are artists essentially secure in their understanding of what their world consists of. One does not even except Moore from this observation although a different selection from his *oeuvre* would represent him otherwise. In this group it is Farr's sculpture, particularly the tall *Armed Figure*, which comes closer to creating a more relevant formal language for contemporary figurative sculpture, its mythological trappings notwithstanding. Weiss's sculpture, I am afraid, impresses one as contemporary only by virtue of its clichés.

THE show at the Pierre Matisse Gallery (December 4-30) of ceramics by Joán Miró, made in collaboration with his friend, the potter Artigas, has finally given New York a chance to see the work which has occupied the artist in the last few years. It comes as no surprise to anyone that these works are delightful, full of a wild fancy which roams freely over plant and animal, geological and human forms, always conceived with a sparkling wit and a surrealist sense of incongruity and allusion. The ceramics take many forms—plates, plaques, two- and three-dimensional constructions, figures in the round, and some even in the shapes of pebbles and rock forms, which always nonetheless bear the iconographic inscription of Miró's personal imagery.

I am not sure where the boundaries of the purely ceramic end and those of sculpture proper begin, but I do think some such boundaries make themselves felt even through the uniform vitality and delight of Miró's creations. By and large, the forms embodied in these ceramics—and I mean the symbolical drawing and color added to their surfaces as well as the shapes and outlines themselves—derive from Miró's paintings, and the results fall into two quite separate categories of objects. In the first, everything is still quite flat; notwithstanding the ceramic textures and the incredibly odd outlines which some of the pieces assume, we feel ourselves in the presence of a fragment out of a Miró painting. As a consequence of this, I think we inevitably experience a certain reduction of feeling and range as soon as our initial pleasure in the object has passed, for we are habituated to regard these forms as parts of

magnificently orchestrated wholes; without the illusion of the "world" Miró re-creates in every canvas, the forms diminish in their power of address, and barely avoid a certain cuteness, even at times a fatal deadness.

In the second group of objects, however, where every form is conceived and executed completely in the round—the *Penguin* (1956) is a fine example—the transition from a painterly image to a totally sculptural conception is complete. The objects are liberated from the universe of flat surfaces, and their power to make themselves felt directly is immeasurably enhanced. In this second category, Miró has exceeded even Picasso's success in the medium, where in the first group he has been caught in the same impasse as Léger (albeit with ever so much more vitality and sensibility).

Two American sculptors, both working in wood, are having one-man shows this month: Sidney Geist at the Tanager Gallery (January 18-February 7) and Louise Nevelson at Grand Central Moderns (January 4-23).

Sidney Geist is showing thirteen wood carvings, most of them painted, all completed within the past five years. The key form here is the *column*. It often assumes figurative properties (female forms or plant forms or, sometimes, both elements coalescing in a single image) and thus adheres to an anthropomorphic or botanical ambience rather than the sheerly architectural, but it is nonetheless an emphatic columnar essence which makes itself evident and which issues out of a deeply felt affinity for the carvings of Brancusi. Yet this affinity, itself modified by a less austere morality of form, is only one term in the sculptural dialectic here; the other is a distinctly American quality, I should even say (despite certain vegetal motifs) an American urban quality. The dialectic is most readily observed in the *Red Relief Figure* (1954-56): the silhouette, carved with great sensitivity in all its rounded, swelling outlines, forming a columnar simulation of female contours, is finally set in motion by the painted Duco surface (in red, orange and green principally), and the shapes which these colors assume amplify the forms of the silhouette and actually endow the whole work with a dancelike movement practically verging at times on an outrageous wiggle. To be sure, this is an extreme statement of the dialectic, which elsewhere does not invoke such a head-on counterpoint of sculpture and painting, although the illusionistic properties of the latter are often employed as a counter-element to the actuality of the carving.

The purest examples of the carver's art in the show are the huge *Female Figure* (1948-1956) and the *Yellow Figure* (1954-56). The exquisiteness of the torso of the *Female Figure*, which from every view retains its very firm and very lovely "line," is never quite equaled elsewhere, not even in the same piece. For the most part, however, Geist has been willing to sacrifice the immediate felicities of carving for the contrapuntal effects to be derived from painting the carved surfaces. One experiences a certain unease at this decision; I am not really per-

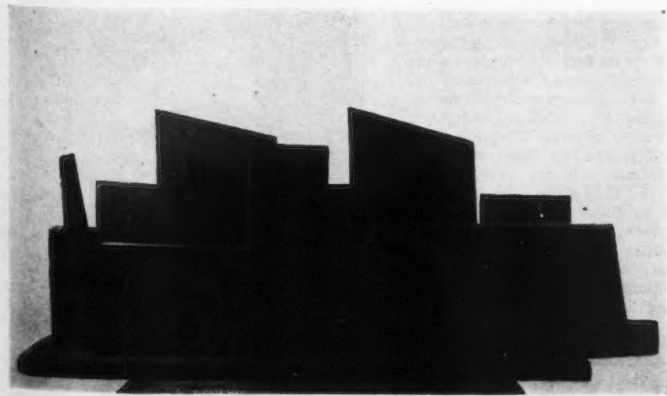
suaded to give up the subtler pleasures of the carving itself. And yet as an artistic idea it is projected with a force sufficient to leave us wondering if the wholly unpainted *Figure* of 1954 (which looked so wholly self-contained when it was first shown at the Stable Gallery) is possibly unfinished—which is to say that the sculptor has at the least endowed his style with an air of inevitability.

In Louise Nevelson's sculpture it is the *pedestal* and the *façade* which are the key elements, and her best work—which is very powerful indeed—always has reference to one or the other. The current exhibition, entitled "The Forest" and comprising works of many sizes and forms which share nonetheless a formal as well as a thematic coherence, gives us a remarkably forthright display of her art.

It is an art which has a twenty-five-year history, which, in its initial development, was much occupied with a figurative style—the subjects were often female figures and animals—composed of dark, blocky forms which somehow, despite a rather too insistent massiveness, managed to retain an admirable sensitivity of "line." I don't know if Brancusi and the early blocky figures of Giacometti were an inspiration then, but the work shares a similar ambience. Gradually, and doubtless under the impact of the artist's interest in pre-Columbian sculpture and architecture in Mexico, which she has had an opportunity to explore firsthand, these blocky forms have taken on a more architectural character, abandoning their descriptive functions to participate in a purer abstract conception of sculpture as a mysterious orchestration of light and shadow, or rather—to put first things first—sculpture as a plastic embodiment of pure shadow to which light is admitted in a subtle and fugitive way.

In the new wood constructions, all stained to a uniform black which varies only texturally and as the light falls upon its great multiplicity of surfaces, it is indeed a world of darkness which is evoked. A characteristic work reveals an accumulation of these dark bulky forms gathered together on a pedestal; each of these, whether rough or smooth, complex in outline or starkly simplified, whether massive or linear, will be found to hold an expressive as well as an architectural relation to its co-occupants on the pedestal. And while the creative process here is an additive one, the finished whole—both in imagery and effect—is artistically larger than the sum of the parts. The wall sculptures—reliefs, I suppose one should call them, though the name doesn't quite fit—are conceived in the same additive, architectural process. And all these works are characterized by an intense and sensitive awareness of sculptural detail: all edges, corners and planes, all cracks which may be expected to emit light, every shadow which one mass may be expected to cast on another—this consciousness pervades the whole conception, and indeed supplies exactly the element of sensibility which the architectural components require as a sculptural leavening. Without grasping the presence of that consciousness and entering into it in some degree, I suspect any viewer would find Mrs. Nevelson's art merely eccentric. One must really enter the shadows here before one can see.

Louise Nevelson. Below: THE WATER PLACE, wood. Right: THE LANDSCAPE, wood. At Grand Central Moderns.



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MARGARET BREUNING Writes:

Dali's ambivalent appeal . . . religious art at French and Company . . . Agnes Potter Lowrie's sustained freshness . . . a new facet of Prestopino's work . . . the varied talent of Herman Rose . . .

EXHIBITIONS of the varied oeuvre of the Spanish artist Salvador Dali have always conveyed an ambivalent appeal. When he literally burst upon our art horizon here some twenty years ago in an almost frenetic phase of surrealism, his paintings received commendation as brilliant performances, while their dependence upon the subconscious and its paranoiac control met with little appreciation. In his current showing he presents himself as the ardent upholder of the esoteric doctrines laid down in the book he published in Paris last summer. In that work he particularly attacked the conformity of art critics and patrons in their acceptance of established conventions in modern art. In at least two of the canvases of his present exhibition, his intent is illustration of an esthetic credo fundamentally controlling his output of the last decade—the basic relation between the scientific theory of the discontinuity of matter and the revolutionary phases of the plastic arts. Probably for most of us Seurat's *pointillisme* is the clearest example of the artistic side of this hypothesis. A large canvas presenting Dali's "dematerialization" of a nude figure through "nude vibrations" may not convey its cryptic significance to the average viewer, but it evokes admiration for the skillful suggestion of a rapidly disintegrating form in lapping waves of color. Other facets of the artist's work need no reference to abstruse theories for their enjoyment. A large painting, *Fast-Moving Still Life*, showing a table spread with detail of a dessert course, achieves a compelling movement in its inanimate objects. A tipping soda-water bottle, slanting compotes with their spilling fruits and other paraphernalia are involved in sequential motion, not a rhythmic cadence, but an angular velocity, halted at the edge of the canvas by a patterned arabesque of red forms. The adroit intercalation of spaces, the clarity of definition in shapes and forms and the tactile richness of substance all combine to invest the design of this amazing conceit with an impressive totality of effect. Other aspects of the artist's accomplishments appear in the sepia drawing of a landscape with detail that is fragile yet definite in its spatial existence, the portrayal of the tremulous shadow of a sparrow's wing against a monotone of sea and sky, and a tender interpretation on a small scale of *The Annunciation*, in gouache and watercolor. Unfortunately the promised series of watercolor illustrations for *Don Quixote*, marking the 350th anniversary of Cervantes' death, were not available. Two exquisitely designed jewels, a gold and diamond flower which opens and closes its petals and a gold cross surmounted by the world's largest heart-shaped pearl, *Le Sacré Coeur de Jésus*, are further included. (Carstairs, Dec. 4-Jan. 5.)

AN exhibition at the galleries of French and Company has become an event regrettably rare, considering the vast resources in the fine arts on which the organization can draw. The current one, a Christmas showing entitled "Great Moments of Religious Art," includes paintings, sculpture, tapestries and minor decorative objects. The selections of paintings and sculptures have been restricted to a comparatively few examples of important works by Italian and Spanish artists pre-eminent in their particular eras. In the painting division an outstanding item is a panel by Gentile da Fabriano, the late-fourteenth-century artist. This *Madonna and Child* is a monumental composition enhanced by a splendor of gilding, rich-textured fabrics and sumptuous color. The panel seems to

radiate the artist's delight in the elaboration of decorative detail as well as a naive gaiety in introducing a *mille-fleur* carpeting at the Madonna's feet and clusters of prim, flowering hedge at her side. It has been pointed out that many of Gentile da Fabriano's young contemporaries preferred to follow the example of an artist presenting his pleasing themes rather than involve themselves in the esthetic problems of Masaccio. An artist often referred to as "the first eclectic," Francesco Francia, might be considered a forerunner of the Caracci in his attempt to combine in one expression all the styles of the schools of his time. His large panel with its majestic religious theme does seem to "have something"; yet this "perfect art" appears contrived and emotionless. But a *rara avis* indeed is a part of a lost altarpiece, of which a copy is still in existence. This fragment depicts St. John against a vast landscape. Not only the saint's upturned face, with eyes cast to heaven, portrays his ecstasy, but the very stance of the figure conveys the emotion. Various important authorities have stated their belief that this is a very early work by Michelangelo. It would not suggest Michelangelo to many viewers, yet it is not too unlike the figure of St. John in Michelangelo's *Entombment*, in London's National Gallery. A large tondo by Botticelli, *The Madonna and St. John Adoring the Christ Child*, with a deeper perspective than is usual in this artist's work, exemplifies his noble felicity of design, the vitality of the figures given by sweeping surety of drawing in subtle arabesque of design. In the Spanish section, Juan de Borgona, a sixteenth-century painter, presents an elaborate ecclesiastical group, *The Investiture of San Ildefonso*, that reflects both Flemish and Italian influences. Murillo's feeling for the picturesque gives his painting of *The Virgin of Humility* a sentimental if not provincial note rather than any depth of religious feeling. Sculptures include a French twelfth-century *Madonna and Child* in polychromed oak. It retains the frontal aspect of all early sculpture in its concentrated expression of religious majesty. A head by Donatello, in painted stucco, similar in design to the marble one in the Louvre, conveys the impression that its modeling resulted from an inner compulsion in contrast to the effect of form imposed on the material in the carved figure. A late-thirteenth-century *Madonna and Child*, carved in ivory, still retains the "archaic smile," yet the figure is completely in the round, the folds of drapery revealing the successive planes of the body. In the tapestry section are two magnificent examples of Gothic de-

MADONNA AND CHILD; at French & Co.



sign with interweaving of gold thread. An unusual item is a small square tapestry, of Gothic provenance, depicting the *Holy Family with Angels*, in which the refinement of the work gives the figures an appearance of delicately painted portraiture. Only eight pieces of this rare form of tapestry are known, one being in the Metropolitan Museum. The group of "minor arts" includes superb craftsmanship of varied kinds. (French and Co., Dec. 11-Jan. 15.)

It is seldom that one views so large a group of watercolors as Agnes Potter Lowrie's exhibition, at the Hewitt Gallery, without some impression of monotony or repetition. Both watercolors and prints often reach a point of saturation in the eye of the viewer fairly early, but this artist's paintings seem to have a provocative freshness of approach throughout. The subjects are often the homely material of everyday living—a heap of potatoes, a basket of eggs, a glass of water casually holding two sprangling blades of grass—but it is the artist's perceptive appreciation of the varied patterns of forms, of the diversity of substances, almost stark in their presentation, that gives these papers a decided appeal. There are also some purely decorative themes, a thrust of leaves and berries, composites of fruit, driftwood and sea shells. Surety of fluent brushwork and the "nothing too much" of statement that yet reveals the imaginative bases of the designs characterize all these papers. (Hewitt, Nov. 27-Dec. 19.)

A series of watercolors with Harlem as their theme mark a new facet in Gregory Prestopino's work, yet all bear the unmistakable stamp of his personal idiom of expression. These large papers with their amplitude of design seem to defy all the canons of this medium's requirements for swift suggestion of light and color in restricted space. Yet the artist seems to have triumphed over such conventions; the works, carried out with the approach of oil painting, appear exactly adapted to the expression of his thesis. This cosmography of a region and its people is not brushed on in flat patterns of fluent silhouettes, but is carried out in sharp definitions of forms in soundness of plastic design. There are only a few instances of Prestopino's former flamboyance of assertive color; now his subjects are sustained by a harmony of appropriate color pattern or a vigorous opposition of black and white. Among outstanding papers is *The Family*, in which the adroit placing of figures in spatial design is enlivened by the accents of bodily gesture. *The Iceman* shows a stalwart figure bowed over in the effort of lifting a cake of ice; in a spontaneity of original conception, the heavy form is carefully modeled with a foreshortening that is nothing less than brilliant. The series forms a lively record of closely observed figures in their environment in a harmony of formal designs. (ACA, Jan. 7-23.)

HERMAN ROSE has presented a large exhibition of paintings, at the ACA Gallery, in which he displayed not only a wide range of interests, but variations of technique to interpret them. In city skylines or in a traffic-crowded avenue, he reveals the selective vision that finds the characteristic essentials of the scene, whether the hurly-burly, staccato movement of the streets or the actual vibration of the city's industrial life. Richness of textures in one handsome fruit still life is contrasted with a linear sharpness of forms in another. Two excellent portraits are included, fluent in bodily gesture and informality of pose, yet both instinct with inner life. In fact, the painting *Tree in Central Park* might well be considered portraiture in the spread of proliferating foliage and thrusting bole, yet without niggling detail to weaken the pictorial value. (ACA, Dec. 3-22.)



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Marie Laurencin: Although she was a close associate of both Braque and Picasso and was in the midst of the *avant-garde* circle of poets and painters in Paris at the beginning of the century, Marie Laurencin maintained a distinctly realistic and feminine style throughout her long career. Like Picasso and Braque, she extended her interest beyond painting to the field of graphics, to set designs for theatres and book illustrations. But her subject matter remained essentially the same: languid and delicate women, bouquets of flowers, painted in soft pinks and mauves. This memorial exhibition to her art offers a representative selection, beginning with the thinly painted, somewhat unsubstantial *Woman with Hat* of 1913, and including what must be some of her finest work, the *Woman Holding a Flower* of 1927 and the *Two Women* of 1928. One is surprised at the solidity of much of the painting, particularly in the latter work, with its pale chiaroscuro in the pinkish-gray figure in the foreground. The over-all effect of her art is that of relaxation, of rich and vague indefiniteness, and it is perhaps her particular success to have firmly apprehended in her best work what is ephemeral in the world about us. She might be said to represent the pure strain of sentiment in modern art. (Rosenberg, Dec. 3-29.)—J.R.M.

Léger: Major Themes: Assembled with a definite didactic purpose in mind, this exhibition traces the recurrent themes in Léger's art from the early cubist period to the last years of his life with excellent examples to represent the various phases of his art. In the main, Léger's subjects are the vernacular ones popularized during the second half of the nineteenth century— aspects of leisure, the bathers, cyclists, entertainers, the circus performers, the breakfast, nature directly observed (the animated landscapes of the early 1920's and composites from nature of his American period); and to these he added the industrial landscape and factory worker, all of which may be observed here, together with his first cubist painting, a landscape, and the post-cubist, rhythmically composed view of the Parisian roof tops. This comprehensive and carefully selected survey gives one the opportunity to

grasp readily Léger's fundamental and unchanging viewpoint: although he may have had a particular statement to make about man *vis-a-vis* the machine, he saw him essentially as integrated with his world; in fact, he saw an integrated world of man, nature and the machine in harmony. This is never more true than in his last works, represented in this exhibition by the large *The Juggler and the Dancer*, 1954, a joyous painting in which the harmony is emphasized by the encompassing circle and the variations on and repetitions of the circular form.

The individual counts for nothing in this art; the figures are always anonymous and the animate and inanimate are given equal weight and function alike in the total composition. Perhaps this is why so many people fail to respond to Léger and prefer to consign his art to the future rather than the present. No one who examines a canvas closely, however, can deny his prodigious powers of invention and his bold mastery of color and form. (Janis, Jan. 2-Feb. 2.)—M.S.

Contemporary Puerto Rican Artists: The first comprehensive exhibition of Puerto Rican art is bigger news and a more detailed subject than present space allotment can provide for. Twenty-five artists are represented, with oil paintings, watercolors, graphics and posters. Their selection reflects the good taste and the good will of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Horsch of the Riverside Museum; the art, itself, reflects the needs and flowering talent of a people who have heretofore lacked opportunity for testing the expression of their need in the forms of plastic and graphic art. This opportunity has been largely created, in recent years, by a degree of economic rehabilitation of which the most specific benefit was Governor Munoz-Marin's encouragement of sponsorship of art training. The present show bears witness to the value of this resolution. Derivations and hesitations are naturally in evidence (Tamayo and French cubism are the common temptations), but the general picture is one of an innate feeling for color and design, a flair for fantasy and a gentle infusion of the macabre, always an ingredient where the pathos of the Spanish heritage is expressed.

From the many artists on display it is perhaps more efficient, if not generous, to single out one as exemplary. The paintings of Julio Rosado del Valle have the native color and range of expression which nominate them as a vital introduction. The intimate *Carmencita*, portrait of the artist's daughter, speaks universally; *Portrait of a Young Man* emanates the sort of essential wistfulness we associate with Jean-Louis Barrault; *Mrs. Monserrate and Daughter* is an austere yet warm-earth interpretation of an ageless affinity. And the copper-toned reclining *Nude* on a slim horizontal panel, caressed by margins of wood grain and silver paint is at once "modern" and pristine. (Riverside, Jan. 6-27.)—V.Y.

Milton Avery: One's first observation at this retrospective exhibition of drawings is Avery's inordinate graphic range, the second his canny choice of means precisely advantageous to the subject—or rather, to its treatment. For *Bare Landscape*—trees like mushrooms on a smudge horizon, infernal brown foreground—oil on paper; for a lamb couchant, each yellow clump of wool a uniform tatter to be played against a banded yellow sky and black peaks—woodcut. *Birds and Sea* also requires woodcut, in another style, for this has an Oriental curve of shoreline and blue water with ducks. *Blue Chalk Drawing* is just that, adroitly conjuring an almost hourglass nude, sumptuous rear view, and a mottled blue-pretend sky to keep her warm. *Pensive Woman* is shaped almost entirely from crayon dots; she's cut on the bias, and her hair and face-shadows are defined with a heavier mass. *Slavic Woman*, more complex, demands a pencil and litho-crayon to achieve the contrapuntal twills and diagonals and triangles. And for a partly abstracted nude torso, as clean and dry as a piece of turned wood—the severity of dry point. (Mills College, Nov. 10-Jan. 1.)—V.Y.

Egon Schiele: Included in this fine and revealing collection of Schiele drawings and watercolors are works from almost every year of his short career. (He died in 1918 at twenty-eight in the influenza epidemic at the end of World War I.) Like his friend Kokoschka—the two exhibited together at the start of both their careers in Vienna in 1908—Schiele is an important figure in the development of expressionism in Central Europe and in Germany. A few of the early watercolors here (figures) still show the decorative influence of Austrian folk art; and there are a



Above: **Fernand Léger**, *THE JUGGLER AND THE DANCER*; at Janis Gallery. Right: **Julio Rosado del Valle**, *CARMENCITA*; at Riverside Museum.



number of landscapes, both early and late. But in general, it is the tragic anxiety of the war years, the spiritual starvation, the horror, the aggression that one is confronted with here—a gaunt male nude of 1912 with the head, armpits, and genital area emphasized (and with such nervously delicate pencil work); the kneeling nudes (female) of 1917 and 1918 with black boots, stockings or high-heeled shoes; the nervously diagonal figure—one wants to write Faust—in an orange cape which is presumed to be a self-portrait of the artist (1913); the figures with hands and heads emphasized, those enlarged, swollen, knobby hands that so resemble Kokoschka's. The fineness of this work, its variety, the illumination it casts on Schiele's work as a whole and on expressionism in general can barely be indicated in a short review. Furthermore, the expressive power of many of the drawings, the emotions they convey and the emotional responses they arouse inevitably raise many more general questions. One cannot look at this work for very long and ignore its cultural and historical context. (Galerie St. Etienne, Jan. 19-Feb. 16). —E.P.

Sculpture from Various Periods: With few exceptions, this is a collection of museum pieces, either fine, or rare, or both. Sculpture in wood, stone, alabaster, cast iron, bronze, terra cotta, aluminum and sheet metal; works dated as far back as the seventh century B.C. and as far forward as last year are shown together. If such an exhibition needs any justification, Malraux has provided it. In the well-known passage from *The Twilight of the Absolute*, he writes: "Far from being eclectic and taking pleasure in a diversity of forms, our modern pluralism is based on our discovery of the elements that very diverse works of art have in common." What the juxtaposition of carefully selected works does here is to emphasize plastic similarities of form and/or qualities specifically related to the nature of materials. Thus the enduring beauty of smoothly rounded, ovoid or biomorphic forms is evident in such different pieces as a Henry Moore polished wood sculpture, an Egyptian alabaster vase (dated by one scholar as early as 700 B.C.) and a slender aluminum torso by Archipenko. And a Mexican Palma of volcanic stone (iconographically a snake swallowing a head from above) appears to be related to an O'Hanlon stone monkey. The startling correlations could be continued; few pieces seem out of place. Of those that do—and always for such entirely different reasons!—one

is a magnificent, primitive, early-American peacock in wood by some barnyard craftsman. And another is Martinelli's *Taurbolia*, a dramatically hammered figure in sheet metal with a four-clawed base, narrow fulcrum, and the diagonal figure which has enough thrust to sustain the weight of the two flayed bulls. Among the other noteworthy pieces is Laurens' cubistic *Femme au compotier*, a Chinese head chipped free from the stone of the Lung Mein Cave, a magnificent burnt-cedar mask by McCracken, and works by Marcks, Zadkine, Salvatore, Braque and Marini. (Willard, Jan. 2-29).—E.P.

Annual Drawing Exhibition: It often seems that it is from his drawings that one gets the most personal sense of an artist rather than from the more formal commitments of a painting. The quick sketch and even the more careful study have a way of revealing the casual observations and discoveries that are made in what is generally a relaxed and daily habit of looking. In this exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters there are some particularly pleasurable moments: one discovers the virtuosity of Marquet, who in his *Washerwoman*, with a mere five or six strokes of the brush, sets up the pace and movement of the figure and describes a complete little vignette, and the charm of Macke, who with his delicately balanced figures and trees in *Three Nudes* presents a small idyll. There is an excellent Boudin, *Beach Scene*, as well as fine examples from the hands of Degas, Rodin, Matisse and Modigliani. Among the more ambitious drawings there is a large Pascin, *Mother and Daughter*, the figures apprehended by a nervous erratic line which nevertheless remains perfectly controlled. (New Gallery, Dec. 3-29).—J.R.M.

Jan Muller: Exaggeration of expression, foreboding, mingled anguish and ecstasy, morbid fantasy and excesses of the imagination, qualities which we associate with the Germanic or Northern strain in art, are increasingly dominant in the paintings of Jan Muller. Expressive force was apparent even when the artist submitted to the formal discipline of composition based on small squares, and it was given a freer rein in the violent bacchanals and solitary equestrians of the last three years. Here it emerges unchecked and on a grandiose scale in two monumental canvases based on the Walpurgis Night scenes from Faust, the grotesque and bawdy revels of nude witches through which Faust is

conducted by the mocking Mephistopheles. These are not literary paintings, but visions which the artist conjures with even greater intensity than Goethe's poetry conveys, abandoning himself to the dark horrors of the imagination, brushing in the chalky white figures with a brutal directness, flinging on passages of stinging color which glow with an unearthly light. Amid the hideous, cavorting witches the gloating Prince of Darkness points out the undone Faust with the same hand that Grünewald's John the Baptist points at the crucified Christ.

The small paintings and miniature polyptychs treat themes which have previously occupied the artist, impassable paths, stiffly arrayed flower pieces, the nude abducted by the dark rider, the aqueduct paintings more closely bound to external nature, and again the scenes from Faust, perhaps even more intense in their concentration than the large canvases. Each painting, regardless of size, carries power and conviction, and the reason for the impact and excellence of this show is the obvious one: the masterly exercise of his painterly means is always subordinate to and controlled by the artist's preoccupation with substance, by the restless and unquelled strivings from within which are the source of his art. (Hansa, Dec. 31-Jan. 19).—M.S.

Contemporary Americans: Moderation and good taste mark this exhibition throughout. The paintings (mostly oils) are predominantly representational, though they range in style from the highly glazed *Dining Room* of John Koch to the purely abstract *Earth Forms* by Russell Cowles. Among the few abstractions, *Earth Forms*, with its gently jagged color streaks, its softly absorptive surface, and terra-cotta colors, stands out; though one might also mention William Kienbusch's curvilinear blues and blacks in open-form masses that surge, swell and feather out again in *To the End of the Island*; or Carl Morris' *Turbulent Forest*, a multi-rectangular block of whites and yellows. Among the paintings more literally representational, Marguerite Zorach's landscape, *November Moon*, is somewhat spectacular with its autumn foreground and sunset sky; while Andrée Ruellan's small oil *Pigeons* is a pure delight both in its colors, dusky rose, bright pink, light green, dark green, cream, and in its central figuration of decorative black and white birds plumply perched on or near a crisscross iron fence. In another idiom entirely is Ralph Dubin's flatly patterned cosmopolitan imagery in *The Dressmakers*; James



Above: Jan Muller, FAUST; at Hansa Gallery. Right: Jules Pascin, MOTHER AND DAUGHTER; at New Gallery.





Camille Pissarro, BATHERS IN THE SHADE OF WOODED BANKS; at Knoedler Galleries.

Lechay's double image of *The Squid*; and Karl Schrag's large watercolor *Music by the Sea*. This last is a departure from the generally moderate tenor of the show. For though the subject matter is a young girl, in slacks and a pony tail, standing at a piano keyboard near a large window by the sea, Schrag's expressionist technique—his rainbow hues applied in separate strokes—interposes a mood created entirely by his palette and brushwork. Though exhibitions such as this are unlikely to provoke much comment, nonetheless by sustaining professional standards and a tradition of reality that is now completely overshadowed by visions more responsive to the modern psyche, they help to provide a substratum of artistic continuity. (Kraushaar, Nov. 26-Dec. 29.)—E.P.

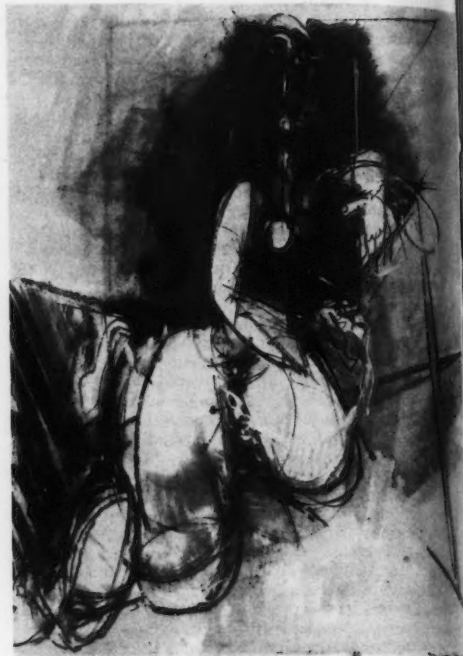
Fine Prints of Six Centuries: Combining the rare with the familiar, this large and handsome selection of prints begins with the fifteenth-century Master E.S. and concludes with Matisse and Picasso, as well as contemporary American printmakers. The Schongauer, *St. James the Greater Defeating the Saracens*, among the earlier works, is an especially impressive one, full of incisive line and sprawling activity, with a particular sense of irony in the restrained, careful line which describes the decapitated figure lying in the foreground. Dürer, Van Leyden and Rembrandt are represented by equally fine examples, the latter by a rich self-portrait from the mid-point of his life. Fragonard is present with a delicately etched *Bacchanale*, and among later masters, there are examples of Manet, Degas, Vuillard and Bonnard. For this viewer, one of the most beautiful pieces is the small Pissarro lithograph, *Baigneuses à l'ombre des berges boisées*, its vague, soft figures moving in contrasts of deep shadow and strong white sunlight. (Knoedler, Dec. 11-31.)—J.R.M.

Roy Lichtenstein: Machine parts, cogs, pulleys and the like are treated with sufficient slackness as to emphasize their fallibility and underplay their precision. Indians inspire this Detroit painter with another theme and he takes elements from their costumes and villages and arranges them in flat compositions, acrid in color, which have a certain vigor in the harsh asperity of the tones and forms. There is wit, invention, a distinctive palette. The paintings arrest the attention by their unconventionality—that is, they adhere to neither past nor present artistic conventions—and they hold one's regard through the curious combination of authority and buoyancy. *Inside Fort Laramie* (after

Alfred Jacob Miller) displays a greater variation in the paint quality and is perhaps the best painting in the show. (Heller, Jan. 8-26.)—M.S.

Max Weber: The familiar vocabulary of forms which predominated Max Weber's oils has not changed in his latest paintings, but under the impetus of another medium, gouache, they have become more spontaneously vigorous. The figurative displacements, the double images, which developed out of the language of cubism and have remained a continuous preoccupation throughout his career, in this latest expression promote themselves with the quick thrust of a line that carves a thigh or the impetuous swipe of color that rounds out a curve. Among the more notable pieces are the quieter *Contemplation*, a double-image portrait of a seated woman in strong blues and purples against a yellow ground, and the more traditional *Rabbi*, its solitary figure defined with restraint and dignity. (Downtown, Jan. 8-Feb. 2.)—J.R.M.

David Hare: Compared to the harsh realities of rusted iron which characterized Hare's sculpture a year ago, these new pieces come as something of a shock. Although the majority of the large pieces are the direct-metal works for which Hare is well known, their new color scheme of black and gold comes dangerously close to the decoratively chic. (It should be said, however, that Hare's "gold" has a homemade quality, and eschews a slick, professional surface.) The irony of the matter is that both of these colors have a poetic or symbolic significance which should be perfectly valid for the sun-and-cloud themes which predominate in a number of these pieces, but unfortunately it is a color scheme which mass production has exploited as "dramatic modern" and it impinges on one's view in anything from ugly plaster figurines to wrought-iron chairs. These associations seem to undermine the formal qualities of the sculptures themselves. That this should be so is probably an illustration of one of the ways in which "best-selling" culture compromises serious art. The forms of the direct-metal sculpture, irrespective of the color, continue to be as inventive as, though perhaps more stylized than, his previous work: *Summer Storm* with its bundle of gracefully curved, slender rods surmounted by a winged black cloud, brings with it a number of associations—the shafts of rain seem to have been made from umbrella struts, the appearance of the piece as a whole is that of a tall slender plant; *Horizon Line* with its openwork sun radiating spokes to a curving rim is mounted on a pedestal of translucent rock.

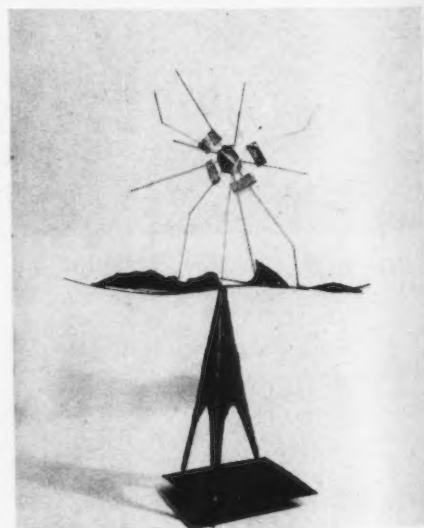


Max Weber, THE MODEL; at Downtown Gallery.

One's appreciation of this series of works, as well as of the *Waterfalls* of his last show, becomes more pointed when one realizes that he is making sculpture out of landscapes whereas the figure has usually been its subject. Hare's interest in the figure itself is represented by three large works in wax, more traditionally styled, and by several small pieces. (Kootz, Dec. 10-29.)—J.R.M.

Sudamericana Christmas Show: A happily various exhibition of Sudamericana artists representing a wide range of Pan-American regions and many media. Among those noted is an oil on paper of a warm, seated nude, back view, by Vela Zavetti (Dominican Republic), its substance glowing, its black drawing assured. The Cuban Martinez has a Tamayo-like abstraction, *Blue Scape*, with a firm mosaic texture framed within elements of a crossbow and arcs of a circle. Seonane of Argentina is more tangibly personalized by his charcoal form of a seated woman than by his half-abstracted female in oil. The cubistic houses, with a single enigmatic figure in a cape, of Maria Luisa (Bolivia) catch the eye because their style is somehow reminiscent

David Hare, SUN AND MOUNTAIN; at Kootz Gallery.





Jacob Lawrence, CROSSING THE DELAWARE; at Alan Gallery.

of Feininger's. Mirta Serra's two abstractions—a refined fish and a discreetly keyed moon peering between rectangles—are pleasant, if not daring, but her *Christ*, a small oil on paper, is exquisite, a pale green-gold conception, like a beautiful stain, emotionally veracious. Silvera's small, richly agitated, scrawny saint contrasts interestingly with Pacheco's nicely balanced antique figure, flatly rendered in chaste blues and reds. The gaiety of Portocarrero's toylike forms, shapes for an abstract carnival, are formally ingenious, whereas the Cuban Millan creates free-form compositions with color inks, the blue and red one self-sufficient as cloud foam. The most impressive items are two lithographs and an engraving by Carlos Faz, of Chile, who died too young. *Funeral* characterizes grief in a powerfully engraved "overhead shot" of a receding gallery of figures, centered by an expressively enlarged hand. (Sudamericana, Dec. 3-31.)—V.Y.

Jacob Lawrence: What these small paintings in egg tempera ideally require are walls large enough for an expanded treatment. A major selection from a series in progress to be called "Struggle—From a History of the American People," they possess the thematic development, the dramatic simplicity and the straightforward sense of rhythm and movement that would show to better advantage as full-scale murals. The thrusting diagonals, the reduced palette maintain a consistency of approach from the dramatic figure of Patrick Henry to the ponderous and awkward shapes of the covered wagons in the final painting of the selection on view. One can imagine that in the thirties, under the auspices of the W.P.A., such a series would have found its proper place in a public building. A similar opportunity today is no doubt lacking. (Alan, Dec. 27-Jan. 19.)—J.R.M.

Barnete: To interpret the bullfight-and-Flamenco world with any plastic originality today is comparable to painting a fresh madonna or pieta in 1557. An American-born painter with Iberia in his nerve endings has virtually done so. When Barnete misses he misses badly, by an impetuosity that doesn't wait on conception. When he succeeds, he produces statements of prodigious romanticism in which the paint itself, impasto and alive, seems to be quickened with electrical energy and muscular vibrancy. *The Bull* is his masterpiece to date, a charging ellipse built of successive arabesques, as it were, that sustain and continue mobile sections which are muscle and bone and functionally moving mass all at once. Barnete's general method of

building up his paint surface in ruggedly disordered slashes and creating form by enclosing these areas with directional black lines, gives him the kind of rhythmic freedom his intentions demand. In *Flamenco Dancer*, the white nudity of the torso beneath the pyramid of the raised arms appears to burst from shadows like an exploding pearl. *Zambra* is an s-form of unchained lightning, turquoise flashing from the dancer's waist and radiating into the sienna corners of the canvas, as if she were violently shaking color out of herself. *Mystic Dance*, however, is not vehement. Its rhythm is linear, almost quiet; the dancers, archaically structured, swim in earth color. And *Plaza Nocturnal* is a somber formal view from aloft of a torero leveling for "the moment of truth" in an arena without spectators. The arena is half-encircled by sanguine, and a patch of sky is El Greco green. Barnete is bursting to say it plastically. His worst enemies are the pictorial short cut, the native compulsion to swagger—and cerise. Since *The Bull* is his most recent painting he may have already won more than half of the contest. (Library of Paintings, Dec. 4-31.)—V.Y.

Gandy Brodie: The sensitivity of this young man is amply illustrated by the continuity of his approach to his work. One remarks upon it here because the qualitative aspects involved in his handling of the medium (oil) persist throughout his work, yet the emotional impact of that work varies considerably. His talent begins in an expressively tactile rendering of a paint surface that is only slightly differentiated by either color or form; and he uses a great many grays shaded into white or into violet, or created by brushing whites into and over other layers of color. Brodie's vision does not lie in the qualities of the medium itself, however, and it is only when he begins to use his talent to express rather than to suppress a definite image that his work gains momentum. The three portraits of young boys—*Massimo*, *Romano* and *Young Bather*—are exceptionally fine. In them the passivity of Brodie's approach to his medium is transfigured and made meaningful: Massimo could have emerged out of Gide's novel, *The Counterfeiters*; while the Young Bather, staring down at the element which immerses him to the waist, portrays with remarkable power an image of existence. *Franca*, the portrait of a young girl, her hands clasped wretchedly in front of her, is also very fine.

In a number of paintings in this large one-man show, Brodie departs into heavier and bolder colors—in one violently purple and red

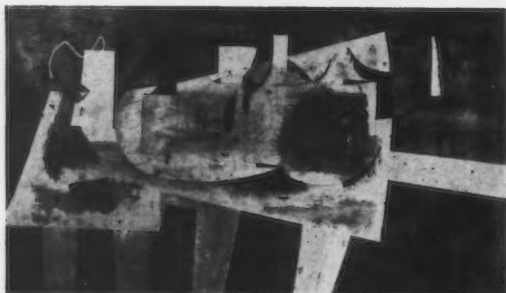


Gandy Brodie, FRAGMENT OF THE CITY; at Durlacher Galleries.

portrait of a seated woman, in the semi-abstract landscapes *End of Winter* and *Momentous Vision of Spring*, in the huge and symbolic *Tower of Time*—but in this departure he is not very successful. In his still lifes with scattered oranges, apples, pears—bright balls of color—both the depth of his talent and its development toward more significant form are clear; and *Still Life with Paint Brushes* is one of the finer works in the show. *Fragment of the City*, a canvas as hugely vertical as the scarlet *Tower of Time*, is also quite successful and with *Boat in Venice* shows what Brodie can do with the delicate modulations of his sensitive palette. This painter is feeling his way, and if the best work in the exhibition, the portraits and still lifes in particular, shows the influence of Cézanne, it is an influence which Brodie is absorbing for his own artistic ends. (Durlacher, Jan. 2-26.)—E.P.

Jacqueline Hudson: Hudson's paintings of Maine, hills, water and boats, have a certain dramatic energy which a single dominant image conveys. This is even more true of a number of her watercolors such as *Clock Tower*, a structural view of the front corner of a church in Bermuda; or the Mexican scene, an archway, a seated peon and a green hill beyond. In her watercolors, her use of light and shadow creates a three-dimensional interest which her oils do not have. The fewer pictorial elements she uses, the more successful the work. But her art lacks subtlety, and her command of the oil medium will need to be improved upon. (Burr, Jan. 13-26.)—E.P.

Christian Rohlfs: Solitary in his art as in his life, Christian Rohlfs, who lived from 1849 to 1938, combined the subjectivity of German expressionism and the objective study of light of the French impressionists, although he lived apart from both movements. The majority of the paintings shown here are from the last two decades of his life and are executed in a combination of media, based on tempera and pastel, which yields a unique appearance of insubstantiality and translucence. Evanescent and visionary as these landscapes and flower paintings are, they are deeply rooted to a natural world with which Rohlfs dwelt in close harmony. His sensitivity to nature and his feeling of unity with it are so compelling that he is able to imbue his flowers with a sense of the pulsing of life itself, the imperceptible unfolding motion of the blossoms seems to be actually taking place within the painting, and the air about them is laden with their fragrance. The working and rework-



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IN THE GALLERIES

ing of the fragile surfaces results in a luminosity which emanates from no specific source, but which suffuses the whole painting with an air at once vibrant and inaccessibly remote. (Borgenicht, Jan. 2-26.)—M.S.

Aesthetic Realists and Friends: In practice "aesthetic realism" results in highly conscious work. In Dorothy Koppelman's drawing, *Demolition*, form and destruction, grace and ugliness, are played against each other in the image of an old demolished building. And in Chaim Koppelman's splendid engraving, *Death and the Butcher*, vertical and horizontal lines, running at cross purposes to each other, create a tension in the wide field of negative space and are counterbalanced by elegance and grotesquerie, crystallized in the two ritualistic figures. Of the "friends" present in the exhibition, Robert Conover shows the most formidable abstractions. His concern is with color, force and movement, and limiting himself to a defined area he explores the relationships between black in green, blue in white, employing solid bands of color that seem to pull all elements into the compositional center. Also impressive are abstractions by William Gambini, Regina Dienes and Gerson Lieber. (Terrain, Oct. 7-Nov. 15.)—G.L.

Three Painters: William Christopher is a disturbing practitioner of what is commonly designated magic realism. Man, a short malevolent thug, lounges or sits complacently, alone and in triplicate, stares mysteriously from an empty fish shop or waits for a shoeshine from his simulacra. Each canvas is painted in a key that infallibly proclaims its weather. *Stella Maris* (the fish shop) is a Neptunian blue and yellowish green. A subway platform where three fearful passengers await (what?) is curtained with pale amber; phosphorescent lights wink from the tunnel. Christopher's texture, achieved by a finely stroking brush, gives an impression of broadly painted surfaces. His virtuosity and something one might call the lyrical-perverse are imposingly presented with india ink in three very large canvases filled to the brim by very large women (i.e., one to a canvas)—I mean monumentally large. I mean immense. They billow. As they lie (wallow) in sand or (with a blue wash) under water, only the lips breaking surface, they make a Lachaise look like a Giacometti. These are not cartoons; they are sensitively, transparently drawn. Never was so much volume portrayed with such buoyancy and so little heft. Christopher bears watching. I mean he's dangerous . . . Regina Dienes has a *scherzando* talent; her watercolors are suburban pastorals in an expressionist manner, structures relaxed, strokes free, color blithe. *Autumn*, the most direct statement, is also the subtlest, a prismatic scatter rising from a tumbling coherence of generalized leaves—and her oils are more intense but as weightless. The collage technique of Gerson Lieber arranges a host of small white shapes in variant relations to a black ground, creating strange semblances to a hill town, a cracking vertical surface or a skyline of tombstones. A seemingly idle exercise, which is yet curiously effective. (Terrain, Dec. 17-Jan. 31.)—V.Y.

Flexor: A distinguished South American exponent of that international movement known as neo-plasticism, concretism, non-objectivism or what you will, Flexor is an ardent believer in an art which wears the yoke of scientific discipline. It is a cerebral process which leaves nothing to chance; the artist sets himself a problem, say the diagonal of a square, and a color limitation, and then proceeds to work it out, in his head, in meticulous studies and finally on canvas. The results can be fascinating and complex beyond belief if the artist is both inventive and a good logician, knowing when to stretch a point, which Flexor is and does. It is hard to believe that strict adherence to the parabola could result in such fluent forms and striking composition until one realizes the important role of shifting values and becomes aware of the possibilities of improvisation within the realms of logic. A genuine sense of drama is more necessary than a ruler to transform the repeated diagonals of a square into

a vertiginous juxtaposition of inverse and direct perspectives. "Pure" is a flexible word; this painting represents one of its extremes, but it is a rewarding exhibition in that the painter ultimately remains triumphant over the mathematics with which he has joined forces. (De Aenlle, Jan. 7-26.)—M.S.

Six Painters South of Washington Square: In order to hang every work in this show, Lawrence Woodman (the gallery director and a painter himself) has covered the four walls from ceiling to floor with the drawings, watercolors and paintings of his artists. A large section of the show is devoted to his own work—150 paintings comprising a retrospective glance at his career over the past fourteen years. Altogether Woodman has made over 10,000 paintings, and I am quite sure he has explored, tentatively, and perhaps unknowingly, every "ism" in modern art. Decidedly he is most allied with Van Gogh and the more recent expressionists. Woodman's art retains a strength and a veracity that can vary from bombast to a real painterly decisiveness. Vigorous, blunt, almost deceptively unsophisticated, he paints directly and rapidly what he observes and what he feels.

Probably his most talented discovery is Hedi Fuchs. Direct, often childlike, there is a harsh strength in her expressionist portraits; often one has the sense of witnessing the unconscious in full possession of the artist. There are also some forthright, primitive drawings by Alice Anonymous. You're certain to get lost (the address is 72 Thompson St.), but the gallery and the paintings are worth a visit. In addition to the artists mentioned you will see notable work by Joe McGraw, Joe Rogers and Rose Graubart. (Adam-Ahab, Nov. 22-Jan. 13.)—G.L.

Painters and Sculptors on 10th St. Unifying theme: the circumstance that all the artists participating live or have lived on 10th Street in Manhattan, where the gallery incidentally is located. As a refreshing consequence, the lineup spans generations and styles as well as blocks east and west, from the cool masterly neo-classicism of Swinton's *Pet Shop* to the modish ambiguity of Ippolito's small *Red Landscape*—worlds divided. In between, so to speak, the eclectic spirit of our years is emphasized by the association of Wheeler's wonderfully intricate jigsaw, swarming with motifs, Pederson's directional umbrella floating, chastely cool, above a chartreuse cube, Sander's vastly intriguing space of pastoral, Esteban Vincente's strange collage, like compressed slate, Kotin's fantastic wash of heated impasto with its centric white nodule and, among the most durable achievements represented, Bik-Gran's romantic *Domodossola*, a vertical landscape with a river-ribbon plunging from peaks through lucent hollows to restate, in the waterfall, the triangulation of the summit. The four sculptors whose work was present for preview conveniently epitomize four radically separate methods if but three approaches: representational (sophisticated) in King's richly simplified standing woman; anecdotal, Spaventa's fantasy, *The Studio*; abstract, Kohn's idiosyncratic *Figure*; abstract again in the cast-bronze bull of Rosati. Brief mentions here denote exigency, not diffidence; it's a vivid show. (Tanager, Dec. 20-Jan. 17.)—V.Y.

Three-Man Group: The fabulous Dunninger, television star and mental hipster, has entered the world of art as an exhibitor. His talents as a theatrical mind-reader are well known; but as this reviewer is not a mind-reader; and as his paintings were not at the gallery nor at the frame shop where Mr. Dunninger had engaged to deposit them; and as no one seemed to have any idea of what they are like, nothing more can be said about them here. Whatever Dunninger's work is like, the work of his two co-exhibitors is theatrically bad. A joint press release informs us that Mahlon Blaine is a famous illustrator who has illustrated many best sellers, and that Aline Rhonie is a well-known muralist. It would be unfair to suggest that Aline Rhonie is in the same class with Blaine, but what she exhibits are small darkish oils stuccoed with glitter—a knight in armor, three *chapeaux*, a group of

jazz blowers, some tropical fish. As for Blaine, while his gouaches—his medicine men, covered wagon, floating skiffs laden with tropical flowers and a native woman—are not offensively bad, the same cannot be said of his lurid series of watercolors illustrating (by a single figure) Gluttony, Anger, Envy, Lust, etc. Aline Rhonie will also show one large watercolor sketch for a mural, and once it is hung, it should prove a welcome descent from theatrical scaffolding. (Sullivan, Dec. 17-Jan. 2.)—E.P.

Pierre Clerk: It is a curious kind of upside-down world of fantasy and make-believe that Clerk's controlled imagination and facility for design have selected to render on canvas. Essentially the effect of these oils is one of childlike primitiveness, with zigzag patterns and cut-out shapes (not unlike silhouettes of paper dolls) creating an illusion of carnival design. The patches of color, either varied by texture or irregularly lined against each other, and the fantasy cut-out shapes of wheels, toy windmills and fairy-tale unicorns, inform the paintings with a lively and forceful design that is invariably lucid and unified. One instance is the handsome *Composition in Ultra-Marine Blue* in which the resonant blue backdrop is balanced against the weaving, linear patterns and the wheeling animals spread across the pictorial surface. In *Masks* it is a gay sprawl of pennant stripes that effectively holds the masks and the floating shapes tightly within the design. Throughout, Clerk sustains his vivid colors and designs, and their apparent free rhythms. (New Gallery, Nov. 19-Dec. 1.)—G.L.

Petite Group: Regrettably, one can but briefly indicate high points of a pleasurable show, mainly conservative in its valor. Hester Stover's silver areaway of garbage cans is lyrical, in the sense that its reality is ordered under an aspect of fugitive light, whereas *Bridge Builders* (Leith-Ross), oily-rich as a Vlaminck, is backlighted to the brink of theatricality. The blue sheen of the pot in Marian Clubb's *Flower Study* is hypnotically burnished, complementing the command of surface weight and temperature displayed in its freight of violent flowers. Helen Wolf's portrait is intelligent and colorful, Donald Perce's piquant and racily painted, Nancy Ellen Craig's bold, actively shadowed and essential. Also meritorious are *Facade* of Dorothy Hoyt, a rich horizontal array of planes, an impressionistic skyline by Robert Anderson, a witty oil and gracie watercolors by Mary Ronin. In sculpture Margo Kempes stylized terra-cotta animals and Richard Frazier's spread-legged bronze male are forthright. The open-work *Flying Kite* (Judy Brown) is fleet, amusing, kinetic; her *Perseus* is a dramatic achievement, though purism might demur at her retention of such literalist props as the sword. (Petite Galerie, Jan. 2-12.)—V.Y.

Zoltan Sepeshy: In addition to the temperas for which the artist is best known, this exhibition includes a number of paintings in a combination of gouache and oil which possess the dry, crisp qualities of the one medium and the richness of pigment of the other. The subjects are a curious mingling of past and present: a flock of brightly attired tourists assail ancient ramparts in *Visitors to Yesterday*, or believers in modern dress partake in old rituals in the *Cave of Miracles*, or a Gothic work of art is travestied in the cluttered interior of *Church Still Life*. Although the execution is immaculate, there is an unpleasant harshness to the angular simplification of forms and the garishness of the color contrasts, and the broken planes tend to remain as isolated units rather than to be resolved into a larger coherence. (Midtown, Dec. 26-Jan. 19.)—M.S.

Alex Katz: The frugal quality of Alex Katz's painting, the sparseness of the paint and the economy of the strokes, is deceptive, for he deploys these slender means to achieve a maximum effect. The gesso surface on which he works functions significantly in the painting, both as it reflects light through the washes of paint and as it serves as a ground for the spare brush drawing of flowers and foliage. The simultaneous

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freedom and control suggest calligraphy in that there is no repairing possible and a precise balance between calculation and spontaneity is required. The paintings belong in two distinct categories, those done as the artist directly confronts nature in the spring and summer, which are endowed with immediacy and spaciousness, and the studio paintings, still life and portraits, which have an air of slower gestation and greater constraint. The spare landscapes, worked in broad flat areas, depend on nuances of light for their principal effect, and they are evocative of the physical sensation of a place rather than reminders of specific landmarks; the still heat of mid-summer is conveyed in stretches of yellow and pink and there is a sense of expansive space in the carefully plotted voids, while concentrations of more turbulent brushing suggest the stirring motion of a breeze. (Roko, Jan. 7-30).—M.S.

Seong Moy: There is a delightful sense of exuberancy in these semi-abstract oils in which forms crystallize in space only to dissolve in a spinning motion. It is the pursuit of forms moving in space that occupies Seong Moy. Spiral and butterfly shapes whirl in an opulent field of smoke-gray, in one painting; in another one, *Wood Wind Sonata*, two musicians materialize out of color and perform a duet. And in *Regatta*, colors dovetail neatly until they are transformed into triangles that match sails moving in the wind. The appeal here is provided by flashing orange and lemon colors, by the ritualized motion, and by the ambiguous shapes that disappear, or, more exasperatingly, that suddenly define themselves. (Grand Central Moderns, Dec. 7-31).—G.L.

Toko Shinoda: One of the foremost instigators of the movement to expand the frontiers of calligraphy by exploring its expressive possibilities, Miss Shinoda returned to the infancy of Chinese characters, to the bone writings of the Shang Dynasty, in order to find the basis for a new artistic expression founded on the traditional heritage. She is a master of that perfect balance between freedom and control so necessary to the calligrapher's art, an artist whose exacting discipline makes possible the spontaneous flow of rhythmic and lyric strokes, at once flexible, bold and delicate. In addition to the conventional black-against-white writing, she has also mastered a reverse process involving the use of wax to reject the ink, thus creating a negative effect of white strokes against black, and alternating panels of the two processes are combined to form a large and striking screen. One of her finest achievements is a long horizontal panel, #201, 1956, a remarkably complex work in which she sustains throughout both the careful calculation of relationships and the unconstrained, lilting quality of her brush drawing. (B. Schaefer, Jan. 2-19).—M.S.

Manuel Truda and Frank Rampolla: Truda's merits are better expressed in his muted refractions of soft gold and blue (*New Hat and Still Life*) than in the larger, more active canvas he indulges such as *Bull Fight*, where extraneous material dissipates composition and the viewer's attention. Rampolla brings to graphic art exceptional feeling for the media, a classical instinct for form and a sensuous knowledge of line. These very striking lithographs and etchings illustrate the tension between these capacities; it is the tension that characterizes his best work. He has a special touch with soft-ground etching, but with any technical approach he rarely fails to imbue his often slumbrous nudes with interflowing and tremulous lines. *Seascape, Serenade, Nude and Il Squando* (The Glance—two highly expressive male and female heads vis-à-vis) are among his elegant best. *Allegro* is a ferociously sensual color etching, a brutally spread nude, against black verticals on a flaming red background. (Fleischman, Dec. 20-Jan. 21).—V.Y.

Ethel Edwards: The titles of Ethel Edwards' paintings actually confirm the content, instead of running parallel. *Moon with Its Wing in the Water, The Seed Is in the Grass, Night Flight*, predicate the close-in attunement of her conceptions, which are always oriented to proc-

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Cleve Gray, PONTE VECCHIO; at Jacques Seligmann Galleries.

esses which take place in the unresting world outside of or above man, or under his feet. For the realization of these insights on canvas (or on paper) she has appropriately developed a brilliant and flexible calligraphy which, with pencil or brush, she can manipulate with equal sensibility. Nor does she lack a corresponding control of the entire conceptual area through color. In addition to those pictures named above, *Swamp*, *Wind* and *The Sky* are hauntingly persuasive of creature elements divined rather than grasped, within the forces of nature. (Widdifield, Jan. 8-26.)—V.Y.

Cleve Gray: Covering the work of ten years, these paintings range from the earlier landscape views like *Ponte Vecchio*, *Florence*, and *Le Mont St. Michel*, more full-bodied in color and texture, to the later compositions like the *Portrait of Mrs. F. T. G.* and *Portrait of Jacques Barzun*, which display a slight shift of emphasis to a purity of skeletal outline with the figure bathed in changing lights of blue, yellow and orange (as in the Barzun portrait). But even in those works where the richness of color is more dominant than the linear structure, in *Giotto's Tower* and the *Duomo*, with its twilight purples and oranges, and in the small *Persian Still Life* with its dulled ochers, blues and yellows, there is an essential coolness, a pervading sense of austerity and restraint. (Seligmann, Jan. 7-26.)—J.R.M.

Hester Stover: The artist shows small canvases and not one that isn't sensitive to the spirit of place: Italy, for the most part, painted with affection and with judicious skill at subordinating detail to the governing apprehension—the character of façade, a vista, a solitary person, stranded objects, such as a bicycle or a line of wash, in shadow or sunlight. The artist's forte is drawing; paint is a secondary medium, which isn't to suggest it is used indifferently but that it plays a harmonic rather than thematic role. *Ponte dei Tres Arci* is a neutral-tone moody recession; unlike either Canaletto's or Turner's, the water is painted without translucence, as gravely embodied as the bridge and the flanking houses. *The Street, San Domenico*, is mellow sunshine and architecture, *Rear View, Rome*, a fine example of perceptive refusal to overcredit elements of the backstairs view, *Studio Interior* a solid, medium-closure of a handsome climactic doorway, beyond which is an unqualified sink. Many of Miss Stover's characterizations, like *The Boys*, have that same artful artlessness of the Zavattini-De Sica point of view. With a Milwaukee scene, *Rooming Houses*, nothing faintly exotic assists. The shuttered, screened and railed two-family house porches, each with a grass bank, are transfigured by one red flower, a red sweater and a quietly interpolated basement door wedged into the prevailing linear accents. (Petite Galerie, Jan. 14-26.)—V.Y.

Antonio Bandeira: Surprisingly this talented Brazilian's oils and gouaches retain none of the primitive sculptural qualities one associates with South American painting. Instead these abstractions reflect the influence of Europe, and more particularly that of Klee. Bright color and a nervous linear movement predominate as a rich, intellectual playfulness is evoked in several of the gouaches. In the early *Blue Trees* a vivacious rhythm of color is teased to dance by the delib-

erate, needle lines laced across the blue surface; and in the more recent glowing and lyrical *Tree*, bursts of color and geometric lines are placed in dazzling counterpoint. The oils are less derivative, more assertive, especially the calm, eloquent *Sleeping Village*, with its quiet, burnished surface and its carefully etched lines swelling into a construct of sharp silhouettes. And in *Faraway City*, the celebration is one of black luminous tones pierced by cold, iced lights of orange and red and blue—the colors all swallowed by some hidden undertow of black. Throughout, the work is clever, active and exciting. (Gallery 75, Jan. 3-31.)—G.L.

Howard Thomas: The intricacies and multiple relationships of myriad small interlocking and overlapping forms are the basis of Thomas' bright and sparkling paintings. Confetti-like is the unavoidable simile for this shower of little irregular patches of color, only there is nothing random to the distribution, rather it is deliberate and carefully worked out so that the whole is a series of balanced repetitions of color combinations. The emphasis is on the over-all pattern with no resolution into suggestive configurations within the composition, although there is generally a waning of concentration at the periphery to indicate that the continuity is not infinite. The prevailing mood is festive; however, certain paintings, in which the units become minuscule and almost linear, are endowed with a greater gravity and mystery reminiscent of the work of Mark Tobey. (Duveen-Graham, Jan. 2-19.)—M.S.

Atelier Group: The group of painters who form the core of this exhibition call themselves the "Contemporary American Expressionists," and the designation is probably justified by the lack of a more suitable one. In most instances, however, the expressionist trappings seem to be superimposed on basically temperate and unexciting paintings instead of being compelled by the urgency of the artist's vision. Martin Pajcek's ominous landscapes are painted with a direct and unrelenting vigor, but the ridges and gullies of the thick impasto are so pronounced as to be intrusive. Marvin Meisel's *Railroad Tracks* and *Fish with Bowl* are enveloped in an obscuring murk, as are Phillip Francesco's somber portraits in which the subjects emerge just to the point of recognition. Lenny Horowitz shades pink nudes with heavy streaks of blue in a mannered fashion, unwarranted by the nature of the color and light which pervade the paintings. Not available at the time of review was the work of other group members, Jeanne Anne Meisels, Archie Bressler and Jerry Offen. (Atelier, Dec. 12—Jan. 3.)—M.S.

Marino Group: Four artists are represented with a substantial number of canvases, and each one works in his own way. Robert Rambusch (painting on wood) illustrates themes from the New Testament in a quasi-classical manner, reverting back to Byzantine forms. The result is an intellectualism that is diverting but empty; all the passion, ritual and social significance that lend meaning to Siennese and Byzantine styles are synthetically used here, and what emerges is a kind of Biblical tarot design. José Coll addresses himself to the textures and shapes of flowers and fruits, straining to convey the touch, the taste, the very wetness of these objects, while Jo Marino shows a group of abstract-expressionist works which lack a formal center. Virginia Cox rounds out the quartet; her mystical, poetic visions of Harlem at night have a hallucinatory appeal, clearly demonstrating the triumph of her imagination and talent over her inexperience and lack of discipline. (Marino, Jan. 7-26.)—G.L.

B. F. Dolbin: From the names of the artists, writers and composers sketched by this Viennese-born artist, it would seem that he has spent most of his professional years in Paris cafés, chatting and playing chess (and in a rapid moment of observation, quickly drawing) with most of the artists of our time. Malraux, Klee, Kandinsky, Schoenberg are only a few of the eminent figures he has sketched, and it is these sketches which make up the current exhibition. Dolbin works in a nervous gesture of lines; he never retouches. What he focuses upon is a

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whole impression, rather than ferreting out the exaggerated feature and caricaturing it. The portraits, then, become clear suggestions of the men who personify particular roles: Dali, the suave, Continental sybarite; Feininger, lean and whimsical; Le Corbusier, the French dandy; David Hare, resembling nothing so much as an English fanatic aroused at Hyde Park; Louis Varese, a battered pug. But the sketches of Stravinsky are the ones that call attention to the irony: he is the only one who resembles what we like to define as "himself," a composer. (Rose Fried, Jan. 7-31.)—G.L.

Seymour Remenick: A series of wash drawings—fragile, delicate, illusive—these are less impressions of land and cityscapes than images conceived by a refined sensibility. The lance of trees, the wire buildings, and the slender cones of church spires insinuate themselves into the fall of the sky, the roll of the land. (Davis, Jan. 10-Feb. 2.)—G.L.

Colleen Browning: The best work in this exhibition of oils seems to derive its strength from the artist's habit of confining the human figure within geometric shapes. Figures appear at doors or at windows, or are framed within the narrow verticals of telephone booths. Where they break out into more natural and open space, in *Soufriere* and in *Verandah*, there seems to be a considerable weakening of effect. Even when the figure does not appear in conjunction with a geometric shape within the painting itself, as in *Two Sisters*, it seems to require the narrow vertical shape of the canvas itself and its frame, to structure it. (Hewitt, Jan. 14-Feb. 2.)—J.R.M.

Christmas Group: Daumier's small vignette oil, *Oui, Messieurs les jurés*, perfectly painted in rich browns and creams, Nolde's watercolor, *South Sea Island Landscape*, with its moody combination of oranges, purples and deep greens, and Utrillo's *Windmill*, a rapidly executed watercolor dating from 1923, are only a few of the pleasures that this current exhibition offers. There is an impressively austere impressionistic landscape by Henri Edmond Cross, *Landscape near Cannes*, and a luxuriant, densely colored view of St. Tropez by Bonnard. Works by Dufy, Klee, Manguin, Renoir, as well as a selection of sculpture by Lipchitz, Maillol, Rodin and Barlach, complete the exhibition. (Fine Arts, Dec. 8-Jan. 5.)—J.R.M.

Thomsonian—DeNicola—Mathes: Thomas Thomsonian's watercolors provide the greatest interest in this three-man show, for structure is the principal concern in his geometric analyses of boats, cityscapes and seascapes. In *Harbor* he splices one perspective over another, creating an illusion of simultaneity and spatial depth. James DeNicola offers a series of clearly defined woodcuts in which spatial organization and linear development sustain a mood of tension and isolation. Harry Mathes' muted, geometric compositions complete the exhibition, with the artist maintaining a consistently fine level of craftsmanship. Particularly impressive are two works, *Parade* and the semi-abstract *Interior*, in which harmonies of brown and white project geometric forms. (Kottler, Nov. 19-Dec. 1.)—G.L.

William Stipe: Stipe is a good designer in this small group of small oils; several would make delightful designs for a series of modern playing cards. He can proportion a small space admirably and scatter a limited number of small objects, such as screws, darts, keys and chains, with an infallible eye for lively placement. When he ventures beyond a good design, however, into the world of the abstract or the non-objective, his work merely serves to remind one that the distinctions between the fine arts and the practical arts were ably formulated centuries ago. (White, Jan. 2-Feb. 2.)—E.P.

Max Weber: This exhibition of early woodcuts and related paintings (mostly between 1910 and 1920) serves to introduce the attractive limited edition of Weber's prints, recently published by the Spiral Press. For the plates of these woodcuts, Weber used the walls of soft honeycomb

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cases, carving the delicate minuscules with a small penknife. He has stated that he considered all material as a proper vessel of art, and that it was only necessary to find the suitable forms for the particular material. It was with this in mind that he carefully avoided all embellishments and sophisticated techniques in the forty woodcuts that comprise this series. Surprisingly decorative and sculptural, they retain an elegance that is at once direct and tasteful. Certainly the inclusion of the eight paintings and the ink drawing complements and illuminates the woodcuts, for the canvases record his early adventures with cubism, and they trace out the particularly graphic qualities he possesses as an artist. (Weyhe, Nov. 26-Dec. 22.)—G.L.

José Guerrero: The canvases of José Guerrero are (usually) vast fields of pure color onto which are launched either clustered or freely ranging and staining tonalities from the nether end of the spectrum. Guerrero prefers to restrict his combinations to three tonalities and normally opposes black and white over the spaces that constitute the underlying territory. Interesting to note that the artist believes his youthful awareness, in Spain, of the black clothing and the white sunlight on adobe houses sustained a disturbance in his memory which he now activates within colored space on a canvas. *Black Sun, Red Earth, and Burnt Earth* seem especially conditioned by the austere incandescence of Spanish terrain. In the former, a gold sun seems to be undergoing eclipse; the latter is saturated with exquisite siennas and ochers being stifled by transverse inky blacks. *Fire and Apparitions* and *Crises in Forest Green* convey the hues and mood their titles imply, but *Sky Followers* depicts dark grays and mellow teals falling, like ragged cloud-lumps, through pale space. (Parsons, Jan. 7-26.)—V.Y.

Large Drawings: There were a number of striking pieces in this exhibition—Ann Steinbrocker's energetic *Horse and Rider*, with its sharp thrusts of line and hurried swipes of color, Saul Leiter's decorative abstraction in rich gold, white and gray, and Margaret Way's soft and tonal *Moroccan Man* among them. James Harrison, whose paintings of curiously stunted and staring human figures have been shown in the gallery on previous occasions, contributed a number of figure studies, the more interesting of which were the pair on *Adam and Eve*. (Theatre East, Oct. 15-Nov. 10.)—J.R.M.

Oscar de Mejo: These meticulously painted primitives, with their rich green landscapes and small figures, show a considerable amount of naïve wit, especially in *Two Officers of Napoleon's Army Being Pursued by Russian Guerrillas*, and in the series of figures boating. The larger series, *Jesus Visits New York*, though it makes some interesting personal commentaries in its progress, is much more blandly and uninterestingly presented as painting itself. (Gallery 75, Nov. 29-Dec. 29.)—J.R.M.

Silvera: An overwhelming formal influence from the cubism of Metzinger would seem to be operating here, but Silvera's wit and the objects of it are as highly personal as the rich damp open-face quality of his paint. His largest and most ambitious canvas, *Three Figures*, has an archaic formality, but the rib cages of the figures glow mysteriously as if lit from within. Two eremites, one explicitly tagged St. Francis, are cubistic fantasies, cleverly organized and very funny, haunted by comic birds of omen. The spherical *Angel Musician* is a dazzling Gothic-pane interfusion of protean segments, each small color area gorgeously harmonic. His most successful execution is the aqueous *Tropical Fishes*, where the fish fracture as they glide across the luminous view, much as if they had swum through a distorting lens. (Sudamericana, Jan. 5-26.)—V.Y.

John Stoehrer: The styles vary slightly in this exhibition of oils comprising the work of several years, but the painting itself maintains some admirably modest standards of good composition and thorough application of the medium. The early landscape, *House by the Road*, an academic piece in greens and silvery grays, is nevertheless a genuinely pleasant work. *The Tree*, a somewhat romantic and visually simple landscape,

and the still life, *Flower Piece*, with its more vigorous brushwork, demonstrate the range of Stoehrer's talent. His cubistic *Still Life*, a rich ensemble of angular forms in deep blues, greens and purples, exhibits some of the influences, along with the fauves, which the artist has been able to assimilate effectively and to good advantage in his large *Landscape*, the most ambitious of his works on view. (Kotler, Jan. 21-Feb. 2.)—J.R.M.

Dolly Perutz: A distinguished selection of graphics marks the artist as a craftsman of precision and bewitching interpretation. One group of eight whimsical woodcuts was inspired by the creatures of the Galgenlieder (Gallows Songs) of Christian Morgenstern. A poem by Lorca was the source for a monotype which has a Chinese majesty of rhythm, superb blue and pale-green birds co-undulating like banners. In general Miss Perutz' zoology is both impeccable and mysterious, her tropical fish as volant as birds, the birds as sinuous as fish. Other subjects include an inscrutable beaver, a magnificent owl with violet-striated wings outspread (monotypes), an underwater denizen of ambiguous antecedents and a freely assembled striding red bird (lithographs). A three-color woodcut self-portrait of the artist was promised for the exhibition but not available at the time of review. (Wittenborn, Dec. 31-Jan. 19.)—V.Y.

Ted Kautsky: The author of four textbooks on drawing and painting, Kautsky is unquestionably expert in the field of watercolor landscape realism. Quiet villages, snowbanked roads and the commerce of harbors are the chief subjects of the present exhibition, all rendered in an agreeable spirit of the recognizable, offering scant challenge to the viewer's imagination. *Oregon Coast* and *Surf at Land's End*, by eliciting from the artist deeper considerations of structure and mass, evince a more powerful stylistic quality than do the others. Rooted coast rocks and massive stranded tree trunks on the crimped sand are painted with density and a sharper relationship of forms that endow them with something more suggestive than literalism. (Grand Central, Dec. 11-22.)—V.Y.

Twelve Young Americans: Most of the artists included here are still in very tentative stages of their development. Among those who have already evolved a convincing individual vocabulary and imagery are Domingo Izquierdo whose impassioned brushing keeps pace with his imaginative and forceful images and Tamara Stahano-vitch who creates a vaporous Turner-like atmosphere into which fragments of landscape dissolve. The repertoire of forms given to abstract expressionism by its originators is now familiar enough to be readily adopted by young painters in whose hands this once vigorous and vital means of expression becomes merely a decorative exercise. It is impossible for any valid form of expressionism to be derivative or imitative, and a number of the present exhibitors are deluded in their attempts. (De Aenlle, Dec. 10-29.)—M.S.

Joseph Domareki: In these intensely personal renditions of nature's forms, there is a constant shifting between abstraction and representation, often to the disadvantage of the painting. *Maine Sunset*, for example, with its dazzling hues of green, white and yellow aligned in vertical and horizontal tapering bands, creates a prismatic image of the sun burning over a quiet, flaming lake. The image becomes vulgarized, however, by the boats that Domareki places in the foreground, almost as though they were marked as fields of reference. But in the more poetic canvases (*Morning Splendor, Fishing Village*), the representational forms assume a really integral relationship with color. (Contemporary Arts, Dec. 28-Jan. 11.)—G.L.

Ernst Kirchner: In this splendid exhibition of more than thirty drawings, woodcuts and etchings by Kirchner, as well as a number of works by his contemporaries, Kirchner's growth as a graphic artist is clearly revealed. One of the leading figures in the German expressionist group and one of the founders of Die Brücke movement, Kirchner attempted to translate his painterly conceptions into his woodcuts, and in his early *The Bathers* it is possible to compare

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techniques in the two mediums. The later work—the excellent woodcut portrait of Annette Kolb and the one of Dr. Will Grohmann—is particularly notable. (New Art Center, Nov. 27-Dec. 8.)—G.L.

David Burliuk: Once a member of the original Blue Rider group in Germany and an innovator of modern art in Russia, Burliuk offers a retrospective show that traces his journey through fifty years of painting. Some of the artist's early experiments with cubism are shown, as are several of the bold expressionist canvases. The more recent work is characterized by an energetic surge of bright, clear color and a proliferation of folk images and details. In these crowded, iconographic landscape and flower studies, Burliuk shows his continuing affinity with the whole tradition of post-impressionism. (A.C.A., Nov. 12-Dec. 15.)—G.L.

Darrell Austin: These are romantic landscapes, a series of large pastels full of personal imagery, wraithlike figures and animals, dense forests discovered by moonlight. There are, here and there, moods that recall masters of atmospheric effects: *The Forest Pool*, its slight figures dominated by luxuriant trees, reminiscent of Watteau's *Embarkation for Cythera*; and *The Pet Catamount*, its strangely archaic figure bathed in vague Redon-like mistiness. The medium here creates a certain fresh spontaneity, a looseness of approach which varies from the carefully complete oils by which Austin has previously been known. (Perls, Jan. 2-Feb. 2.)—J.R.M.

Feigl Group: The intensely subjective nature of German expressionist portraits can be seen here in examples by Schmidt-Rottluff, Heckel (a monklike *Head of a Man* with a haunting expression in the distorted axis of the features) and Kokoschka, all watercolors; while opposite poles of contemporary Parisian elegance are represented by Buffet and Soulages, both painters of impeccable taste. Singier, also French, contributes a brisk, lighthearted abstraction in dazzling color, and the Italian Sironi is included with three small works in oil and crayon in which antique motifs are arranged in decorative inlays. Two paintings of the Alhambra executed during Vytacil's recent trip to Europe forcefully convey the artist's response to the exotic beauties of the Moorish architecture, nor does his enthusiasm flag in his vortical view of the *Piazza San Marco*. (Feigl, Dec. 10-Jan. 11.)—M.S.

Larry Cabaniss: Cabaniss sings of a world filled only with sympathetic youths, all of whom take themselves very seriously while inhabiting St. Germain des Prés. In one canvas, appropriately entitled *Quiet Moment*, a boy and a girl, both with faint Eurasian features, sit quietly together, centered against an austere cool, mottled blue background. One is presented here with falsity masquerading as the "spontaneously sincere," and the factitiousness of the subject is only inflated by the technique. (Little Studio, Dec. 5-17.)—G.L.

Mimi Boyer: In these pastels space is judiciously apportioned for a rush of trees along a path, a row of building façades retreating into a street, and even a jagged cluster of abstract forms. Similarly, a plethora of color—purple, green, blue, orange—falls into compositional place. Unfortunately, the scenes tend toward a certain inanimate vagueness, and one discovers oneself searching vainly for some particularity, some personal statement about paint or composition or a landscape. (Bodley, Jan. 8-26.)—G.L.

Sacha Kolin: With titles such as *Run across the Road*, *Black Sheep* and *Blue Moon* and *Jump the Red Ball*, Sacha Kolin embarks upon a child's voyage in paint. Hers is a highly sophisticated child's world, one filled with spheres and triangles and ridiculous-looking, irregular forms. It is in these forms, representing cut-out shapes that wheel and dance and at times remain fixed in mirthful rigidity on solemn flat Légeresque planes, that she invests her fantasy and skill. (Contemporary Arts, Jan. 14-25.)—G.L.

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which sensual green and brown forms move behind his ubiquitous black bands, while E. A. Bottorff conjures a quiet American square with all the macabre horror which that entails. Montvel-Cohen's striking expressionist view of a city and C. Lassiter's apocalyptic visions are two other outstanding items in this group which also includes Rose Graubart, R. Freimark, Charles Fraser and Denver Lindley. (Morris, Dec. 3-18.)—G.L.

Philippe Noyer: Combining a witty imagination with a clever sense of fashion design, Noyer parodies appearance and reality in the world of the harlequin. His figures are gamins: children, dancers, magicians, all rendered in a kind of sad gaiety—and all capriciously exaggerated. At times, they bear an uncomfortable resemblance to the mannequins in *Mademoiselle*, somewhat *manqué*, to be sure, but still attractive, salable advertising models. (Little Studio, Nov. 14-30.)—G.L.

Kasiulis: Latvian-born and living now in Paris, Kasiulis makes an American debut with a group of still-life improvisations which depend on fruit and crockery accoutrement as a basis for decorative forms, but which have little further relation to objects in space. A variety of textural effects and singularly handsome color schemes are mustered with an unflinching instinct for pleasing *décor*. Slight and sprightly figure paintings capture pose and attitude with a single superficial glance. (Hammer, Jan. 15-26.)—M.S.

Tseng Tseng: Tigers trekking through the snow, the clambering of four lobsters, the meandering of sparrows on a blank, white field, the silhouette of birds flying in the far corner of a gray sky against an autumn moon—these are the subjects of Dr. Tseng's traditional Chinese watercolors. Utilizing Chinese ink heightened with a sparing use of color, he avoids excessive detail; and focusing upon movement always from a distant point towards the viewer, he provides a fresh and exact image. (Kennedy, Nov. 27-Dec. 24.)—G.L.

Gerry Samuels: Volatile, churning abstract expressionist canvases in which explosive oranges and reds wheel from the surface, only to fall back in brutal impasto. The works range from the frenetic to the casual, but in the one large painting, color and undulating movement cohere, expanding the active painted surface. (James, Jan. 11-31.)—G.L.

Samuel Koch: An unpretentious primitive painter, self-taught, Koch in his seventh one-man show sings of the green calm of water, the vulnerable innocence of people, and the surprising sense of order and spontaneity discovered in nature. (Panoras, Jan. 7-19.) . . . **Caravan Group:** The bold sweep in Ann Mittleman's nervous arabesques across an ever-expanding surface and the amusing flat geometry of Helen Van Wyk's *Eye to I* are some of the more rewarding canvases in this uneven group show. (Caravan, Dec. 2-28.) . . . **Irma Boehr:** Some original and versatile ceramics and ceramic jewelry appropriately displayed before Christmas. These trays, plates and jugs are both varied and tasteful. (Crespi, Nov. 26-Dec. 8.) . . . **Jay Robinson:** The artist's African subjects painted in fired enamel on copper tend to be diffuse and inexact, but in the more decorative portraiture of warriors and traders a distinction that is enhanced by the technique is achieved. (Milch, Dec. 10-Jan. 12.) . . . **Helen Slottman:** Essentially it is a romantic feminine viewpoint that is expressed in these quiet landscapes and still lifes. (Eighth Street Gallery, Nov. 19-Dec. 1.)—G.L.

Sculpture Center: A Christmas show with Paul Aschenbach's elongated iron forms, Henry Kreis's pensive, seated figure (stucco), and Leo Amino's carved abstraction among the more notable works present. (Sculpture Center, Nov. 19-Dec. 25.) . . . **Pavone Group:** Loosely organized, romantic abstractions by Virginia Stonebarger, and solid structural compositions by Robert MacBride are the center of this exhibition, with paintings by James Frankfort and Frieda Savitz also included. (Pavone, Dec. 7-Jan. 7.) . . .

Award Winning Paintings: Geoffrey Holder, winner of the 1956 Guggenheim Fellowship, continued on page 64

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Magic Formulas?

Attitudes on Craft

ARE there magic formulas for media and surface treatment which make the difference between good and mediocre painting? To what extent does a painter need a high degree of this kind of technical knowledge? There are many reactions to these questions. Some painters emphasize craft knowledge; others have an ambivalent attitude toward craft; and still others reject the whole idea of a conscious approach to craft. Let us probe these varying opinions.

To begin with the viewpoint which emphasizes technical achievement—Jacques Maroger, former Technical Director of the Laboratory of the Louvre, stated the case in a book entitled *The Secret Formulas and Techniques of the Masters* (Studio Publications, New York, 1948). After searching for many years, Mr. Maroger claimed to have found the secret oil medium of the old masters—oil boiled with lead in various recipes. Lead acts as a dryer in this medium, which is familiarly known as "black oil." (Impurities in the oil turn it black on boiling.) This medium produces a rapid-drying lustrous surface. The oil can be mixed with wax or emulsified with water. Mr. Maroger listed the formulas for the media used by the following masters: Leonardo, Rubens, Titian, Rembrandt, etc. Take your choice! Rembrandt's medium, for example, is described as the addition of "a maximum quantity of wax in his impasto." And many painters who read Maroger's work—including Raoul Dufy—made use of this "secret."

Other authorities have been concerned with old-master media, particularly that of Rembrandt. H. Ruhemann, restorer for London's National Gallery, where a number of Rembrandts were recently cleaned, informs us (*The Artist at Work*, Penguin Books, Baltimore, 1952) that pre-eighteenth-century masters, including Rembrandt, "could not have used any appreciable proportion of soft resin or wax." Professor A. P. Laurie diagnosed Rembrandt's secret as stand oil. Max Doerner guessed it was Venice turpentine, mastic varnish and sun-thickened oil. Scientists have not been able, as yet, to verify any of these opinions. Assuming that more accurate analysis of such media will disclose the actual constituents employed, the question still remains—how much influence will this discovery have on painters and on their techniques?

Rembrandt van Rijn, SELF-PORTRAIT (1658);
courtesy of the Frick Collection.



Mr. Maroger has attempted an answer to this question. To begin with, he states that these secrets recently rediscovered by him were lost toward the end of the eighteenth century. "The decadence that followed was inevitable, and a certain drama lies in the fact that this decadence was due simply to the loss of a secret technique; that is to say, to a cause that was entirely material." Mr. Maroger concludes: "But only the knowledge of technical means, which he has lacked until this day, will enable the painter of tomorrow to take part successfully in the many still unknown possibilities."

A second magic formula which has been proposed by others involves an overconcern with texture. There are students who believe a heavily textured canvas to be the most important feature in contemporary expression. This concern with impasto is supposed to guarantee "quality" or "rich" painting.

On the other hand, among certain contemporary painters, there has been a violent reaction to formulas of all kinds. Some artists have deliberately abandoned "sound practice" to paint with the quickest and cheapest methods available. For these painters permanency of materials is unimportant. "I would rather paint a good picture that disintegrates than a bad one that lasts forever" is the slogan one often hears. It is seemingly difficult to quarrel with this statement; yet this attitude is no less harmful than a preoccupation with technical formulas and with surfaces for their own sake. Let us develop both points of view, beginning first with this preoccupation.

Exaggerated concern with technique easily leads to an antiseptic approach. The painter, restricted by this viewpoint, believes the medium and rules to be the key. He unwittingly depreciates his own visual realization and formulation. He catalogues painters according to their craft alone. If this viewpoint is carried to an extreme, Cézanne becomes no more than the man whose paint cracked when he used too much Prussian blue.

Similarly, preoccupation with textural quality can make one believe that Rembrandt's surface inventions rather than his plastic inventions are the key to his genius. Can anyone imagine Van Gogh's first inventing his brush and then trusting for inspiration to put it to use? This "texture school," if we may call it such, forgets that every great painter accommodated his personal surface to an original plastic concept. In short, the concept finds the textural means to express itself.

The other extreme—the belief that any technical knowledge of craft hampers expression—is also untenable. Some people apparently forget that the term "painter" implies some knowledge of craft and some knowledge too of permanent materials. (Some people also forget that in the long run permanent materials are more economical.) We must keep in mind also the responsibility a painter has to his collector. Of necessity, the matter of craft must be his concern. Paintings that crack, warp or otherwise deteriorate will hardly inspire confidence. Moreover, we must dispel the idea that simple technical knowledge—permanent media, color, grounds, supports—is so difficult to attain that its acquisition will be frustrating. Perhaps too much mystery surrounds correct technical practice; this may be the reason why craft is too often denounced as the enemy of creative impulse. It is absurd, then, to take this inimical view of craft.

This is not to deny that new paths demand fresh emphasis on traditional techniques. Max Beckmann, for example, often under-painted in pastel. For Marca-Relli, the edge of the pasted canvas created a simultaneous line giving the spatial tension that no other means could achieve.

The unusual tool can implement concept. Arshile Gorky found a sign writer's long-haired brush a means to satisfy his calligraphic ideas. Pollock perforated paint cans to produce the fluid line for the escaping liquid. Arthur Osver found a dental tool practical for gently exposing colors beneath the top layer of paint. In brief, a knowledge of craft does not preclude originality; but those who believe that all discoveries have been made might keep the following in mind.

To those who yearn for the secrets of the old masters, we hope it will not be objectionable to mention that over twenty new colors produced in modern times were unknown before the eighteenth century.

But it is time we realize that the concept of the painter as genius and the concept of the painter as craftsman need not be incompatible.



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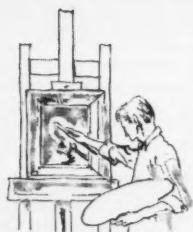
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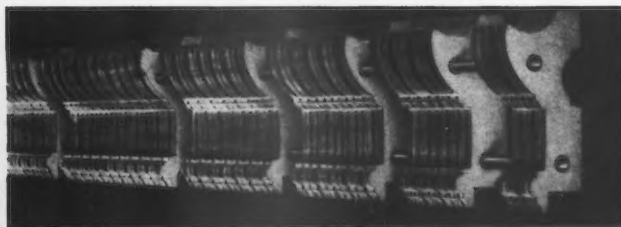


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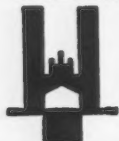
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IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 61

James C. Leong, a Fulbright artist, and Roger Kuntz, a Guggenheim Fellow, are exhibiting their prizewinning canvases. (Barone, Dec. 7-24.) . . . **Joseph Greenberg:** These muted, restrained oils never determine whether they are observations or interpretations of Manhattan Island. Technically competent, unpretentious, and reserved, they emerge nevertheless as bland statements. (Salpeter, Jan. 7-26.) . . . **Charles Seide:** In these semi-abstract landscapes, it is the emotional excess of a green world that is conveyed. Seide captures the thick glades, the undulating paths of gold and green forests, the movement of light and shadow in this group of large, vigorous paintings. (Artists', Jan. 5-24.)—G.L.

Margery Ryerson: Studies of young girls, incipient ballerinas, painted with cool delicacy, among which *Homeward Bound*, two gravely profiled misses with sculptured wraps, is perhaps the most striking. Watercolors and portraits in oil, not available at reviewing time, will also be on exhibition. (Grand Central, Jan. 8-19.)

. . . **Paul Striik:** Representation unadorned save by light effects which call unwelcome attention to the dead skies, the sour grass-color and the passive compositions of these assorted landscapes. (Grand Central, Jan. 15-26.) . . . **Gifford Cochran:** No pain, no surprises, in these competent watercolors: conventional landscapes of Jamaica and Maine, and two crystalline still-life studies, as honest and proficient as they are untrammelled by any over-arching personality. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, Jan. 14-Feb. 1.)

Arthur Deshaies: Recent drawings in ink with rolled areas and calligraphic ensembles, called *Landscapes*, and a series of nine-by-twelve *Movements vers autres*: individually suggestive, totally meticulous and abstruse—ultimately quite monotonous. (Wittenborn, Jan. 21-Feb. 2.)

Zahid Salim Khan: Portraits in pastel by a Pakistan artist with no formal training. Most have strong illustrative clarity. *Kashmiri* and *Village Mullah* are subtler, and the ruddy profile of *Arab Youth*, vigorously inscribed and highlighted, has formal promise of more esthetic possibilities. (Verna Wear, Dec. 3-Jan. 15.)—V.Y.

Zabriskie Group: An exhibition of prints by accomplished artists, with Robert Conover's *Forest* and Edward Cocker's color woodcuts highlighting a versatile group that includes Vincent Longo, Edmund Casarella, Clinton Hill, Pat Adams and Salvatore Grippi. (Zabriskie, Dec. 17-Jan. 5.)

. . . **Pauline Law:** Competent landscapes romantically convey some of nature's more sunny moods. (Argent, Nov. 12-Dec. 1.) . . . **Contemporary Jamaican Artists:** Vibrant, tropical colors and lively native life in Jamaica is displayed by these artists, all of them self-taught. Ralph Campbell, P. Singh, Ken Spencer and Vernon Tong are some of the chief talents in the group. (Boissevain, Nov. 18-30.)

. . . **John Pike:** These watercolors shift from literal, brushed observations of South and Central America to a more romantic, and somewhat over-reverent, glimpse of nature and the Hudson River Valley in its more beguiling attitudes. (Grand Central, Nov. 27-Dec. 8.) . . . **Paul Scott:** Scott's geometric abstractions rely upon vertical rectilinear forms carefully opposed to each other, the strongest and most successful ones defined in flat browns and grays. Several collages, and a few bright, looser expressionist canvases indicate other directions which occupy this talented artist. (James, Nov. 30-Dec. 20.)—G.L.

Diane Davis: Small sculptures in ceramic, generally of animals, delicately colored and smooth. (Crespi, Dec. 9-16.) . . . **Edith Kramer:** *London, 1949*, its shattered buildings making an arrangement of broken planes in soft browns, pinks and beiges, is the outstanding work in this group of oils and collages. (Crespi, Jan. 14-26.) . . . **David Daniels:** Decorative hangings in oil with a flair for bright color and bold design, often suggestive of textiles, as in one of his best, *The Snake Charmer*, in vivid pinks, yellows and blues. (Crespi, Jan. 28-Feb. 9.) . . . **John Mucciariello:** A variation of expressionistic styles in these densely painted oils. (Kottler,

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Dec. 17-Jan. 5.) . . . **Yolan Lubin:** Portrait sculptures and figure pieces in plaster. *The Prophet*, stylistically modeled and compactly shaped, is one of the more interesting works on view. (Kottler, Dec. 17-Jan. 5.) . . . **Soshana:** The more solidly painted abstract works create the strongest impression in this varied group of oils. The flower pieces, with thick impasto modeling of forms against thinly painted grounds, present a disparity of styles which weakens the effect. (Pietrantonio, Jan. 16-30.) . . . **Frances Taylor Royston:** *Three Nudes*, a large composition of cut paper in various shades of brown, is the outstanding work in this exhibition of mixed-media paintings and collages. (Kottler, Jan. 7-19.) . . . **David Porter:** A series of flower pieces, sometimes with the elegance of Matisse, as in *Dream Bouquets*, or the rich textures of Vuillard, as in *In My Wainscot Garden*. The works issuing out of some more personal imagery, like *Madam of the Pawnshop*, are less convincing. (New Gallery, Jan. 21-Feb. 2.)—J.R.M.

Frances Brennan: In her first one-man show Miss Brennan offers some quaint, primitive Pennsylvania Dutch scenes which have a flat, child-like simplicity and seem more like miniatures than oils. Paintings such as *The Night before Christmas* and *Heart's Delight* lend themselves pleasantly to decorative purposes. (Crespi, Dec. 17-29.) . . . **Dorothy McCoy:** These still lifes, portraits and flowers are principally concerned with composition and detail; the most interesting of them is *The Blue Hat* with its careful attention to objects (stone, rope and hat) and its capable handling of space. (Pen and Brush Club, Oct. 9-23.) . . . **James Group:** An interesting exhibition with all the artists represented by a drawing, an oil and a statement of aim or, more elaborately, a philosophy of art. The artists themselves range over the vast geography of non-objective art: James Billmyer's black and white grids forming a labyrinthine structure, suggesting spatial recessions, and William Freed's cubes of color building a composition into and away from the illusion of space; Gerry Samuels' thick smudges of brilliant yellow and orange, and Nieves Billmyer's violent rotations of red, orange and yellow, enhancing the surfaces of their canvases. Present also are Lowren West, Paul Scott, Alvin Most and Virginia Schnell. (James, Nov. 9-29.) . . . **Mme Le-thi-An:** A distinguished Viet-Nameese artist who explores landscapes and nature scenes in the traditional *kakemonos*, or Japanese scroll painting, is showing for the first time in the U.S. Her canvases range from the bold, clear figures of the insects lining the branch in the realistic *Cicadas* to the sentient *Autumn Mist* with its subtle gray-brown tones, its curved tree caught in a flow of rocks. (Argent, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.) . . . **Pietrantonio Group:** Entitled "American Expression," this heterogeneous group includes several splendid still-life watercolors by Sylvia Bernstein and large abstractions by B. Arnold Kayser. Present too are careful works by Elia Braca, May Heiloms, Morris Gluckman and Harry Mathes. (Pietrantonio, Oct. 16-30.) . . . **Niklas Deak:** These semi-abstractions are renditions of nature, vastly oversimplified, in which shapes of muted color are carefully outlined with a palette knife; a mood of primitivism pervades such paintings as *Port of Naples* and *Blue River*. (Roerich, Oct. 28-Nov. 18.) . . . **Contemporary French:** A dull exhibition with two noteworthy exceptions: a vividly colored landscape by Stella Mertens and several still lifes, tightly organized, by Jean Baron. (Galerie Boissevain, Oct. 30-Nov. 17.) . . . **Lynfield Ott:** At times a figure superimposes itself upon the legitimate subject of these canvases, which is color—careful modulations and textures of brown, yellow and green. In *The Landscape*, however, a felicitous wedding of color and subject is achieved. (Kottler, Dec. 3-15.)—G.L.

OBITUARY

The American painter and sculptor **Gertrude Glass Greene** died on November 25 in the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City after a long illness. Mrs. Greene was the wife of Balcomb Greene, painter and associate professor of art history at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh.

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CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

ALBANY, N. Y.
INST., Jan. 2-Feb. 2: Europ. & Amer. Pigs. 20th C.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., UNIV. N. M.
JONSON GALLERY, Jan. 6-Feb. 1: J. O'Connor

BALTIMORE, MD.
MUSEUM, to Jan. 13: 4000 Yrs. of Mod. Art; Jan. 1-Feb. 10: German Pig. Today

BELOIT, WISC.
SCHERMERHORN, Jan. 19-Feb. 24: R. Marx

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
MUSEUM, Jan. 6-14: Chrysler Collection Selections

BOSTON, MASS.
DOLL & RICHARDS, Jan. 14-Jan. 26: H. Giles

BUFFALO, N. Y.
ALBRIGHT, Jan. 4-27: Cont. Amer.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
FOGG MUSEUM, to Jan. 19: B. Shahn

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
HUNTER GALLERY, Jan. 17-Feb. 10: Cont. German

CHICAGO, ILL.
ART INST., Jan. 17-Mar. 3: Amer. Pig. & Sclpt.; Jan.: Oriental Acq.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
MUSEUM, Jan. 4-31: Amer. Graphics

CLEVELAND, OHIO
MUSEUM, Jan. 8-Feb. 10: Burchfield W'cols.

CLINTON, N. J.
HUNTERDON CTY. ART CTR., Jan. 20-Feb. 28: Prints

DENVER, COLO.
MUSEUM, Jan. 14-Feb. 24: Art in Business Arch.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS
ART CTR., Jan. 7-Mar. 3: Horse & Rider

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
HERRON MUS., Jan. 6-Feb. 3: Cuban Pig. Today

LONDON, ENGLAND
GIMPEL FILS, Brit. & Fr.

HANOVER, Jan. 15-Feb. 8: P. T. Mitchell; Chagall lithos

LEFEVRE, Brit. & Fr.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
HATFIELD, Mod. Fr. & Amer.

STENDAHL, Pre-Col. & Mod.

MEMPHIS, TENN.
BROOKS GALLERY, Jan. 17-Feb. 10: R. Pozzatti

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
INST., Jan. 9-Feb. 24: L. Sullivan, Arch.

WALKER ART CTR., to Jan. 20: T. Roszak

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
DELGADO MUS., Jan. 6-27: Caribbean Art; Cont. Color Lithos

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Museums:

AMER. ACAD. ARTS & LETTERS (633 W. 155), to Feb. 15: G. Beal retrosp.

BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), to Mar. 17: Anc. Egyptian

CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS (29 W. 53), Jan. 11-Feb. 10: Ceramic Nat'l., Syracuse Mus.

GUGGENHEIM (7 E. 72), Jan. 9 thru Feb. 3: Brothers

MODERN (11 W. 53), to Jan. 20: Rec. Acquisitions; to Feb. 3: Balthus, J. Pollock

NAT'L. ACAD. (1083 5th), Jan. 17-Feb. 3: Audubon Artists

RIVERSIDE (310 Riverside Dr.), Jan. 6-27: Puerto Rican Artists

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), Jan. 9-Feb. 24: Karolik Collection

METROPOLITAN (5th Ave. at 82), to Jan. 6: Life Mag. Exh.

Galleries:

A.A.A. (712 5th at 55), Jan.: Grp.

Lawrence; Jan. 22-Feb. 9: 21 Cont. Amer.

ALLISON (32 E. 57), Jan.: G. Bellows

ARGENT (236 E. 60), to Jan. 26: W'cols.

ARGOSY (116 E. 59), Early Amer.

ARTISTS' (851 Lex. at 64), Jan. 5-24: C. Seide; Jan. 26-Feb. 14: H. Boehler

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Jan.: 19th, 20th C. Amer.

BARONE (202 E. 51), Jan. 9-Feb. 9: G. Holder

BARTFIELD (45 W. 57), Fine Pigs.

BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), to Jan. 19: Xmas Annual; Jan. 22-Feb. 2: R. Robertson

BODLEY (223 E. 60), Jan. 8-26: Boyer; Jan. 28-Feb. 9: Ollian

BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 2-26: C. Rohlf

BURR (108 W. 56), to Jan. 12: Catholic Art Soc.; Jan. 13-26: J. Hudson

CAMINO (92 E. 10), Jan. 4-25: S. Goodman

CARAVAN (132 E. 65), Jan. 6-26: Grp.

CARLEBACH (937 3rd at 56), Primitive Art

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), to Jan. 5: Dali; Jan.: Gallery Grp.

CHASE (21 E. 63), Jan.: Gallery Grp.

COLLECTOR'S (49 W. 53), Jan. 14-26: Kanarek

COMERFORD (55 E. 55), Jan.: Japanese Prints

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at 62), to Jan. 11: J. Domarecki; Jan. 15-25: S. Kolin

COOPER (313 W. 53), to Jan. 9: A. Hoener; Jan. 18-Feb. 20: I. Friedman, B. Samuel, sclpt.

CRESPI (232 E. 58), Jan. 14-26: E. Kramer; Jan. 28-Feb. 9: D. Daniels

D'ARCY (19 E. 76), Jan.: Prim. Arts, Mod. Pigs.

DAVIS (231 E. 60), Jan. 10-Feb. 2: S. Remenick

DE AENLE (59 W. 53), Jan. 7-26: Flexor

DEITSCH (51 E. 73), to Jan. 15: G. Bourdin

DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), Jan.: Coptic Art

DELIUS (24 E. 67), Jan.: Old & Mod. Masters

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), Jan. 2-19: K. Noland; Jan. 22-Feb. 9: F. Pasilis

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Jan. 8-Feb. 2: M. Weber

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), Jan. 2-26: G. Brodie

DUVEEN (18 E. 79), Old Masters

DUVEEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Jan. 2-19: H. Thomas; Jan. 21-Feb. 9: W. Quirt

EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), to Jan. 12: Lowe Awards

EIGHTH ST. (33 W. 8th), Jan. 1-12: W. Fisher; Jan. 14-26: A. Ohlman; Jan. 28-Feb. 2: Graphics

EMMERICH (18 E. 77), Jan. 1-31: Anc. Sclpt.; Mod. Pigs.

FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), to Jan. 15: Grp.

FINE ARTS ASSOC. (41 E. 57), Jan. 15-Feb. 9: Picasso sclpt.

GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vanderbilt at 42), Jan. 8-19: M. Ryerson; Jan. 15-26: P. Strisik; Jan. 29-Feb. 9: J. Hilton

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 4-23: L. Nevelson, sclpt.

HAMMER (51 E. 57), Jan. 15-26: Kasiulis

HANSA (210 Cent. Pk. So.), to Jan. 19: J. Muller; Jan. 21-Feb. 9: J. Wilson

HARTERT (22 E. 58), Jan.; Amer. & Fr. Pig.

HELLER (63 E. 57), Jan. 8-26: R. Lichtenstein

HEWITT (29 E. 65), Jan. 14-Feb. 2: C. Browning

HIRSCHL & ADLER (new add. 21 E. 67), Fine Pigs.

JACKSON (32 E. 69), to Jan. 26: B. Hepworth

JAMES (70 E. 12), to Jan. 10: Grp.; Jan. 11-31: J. Samuels

JANIS (15 E. 57), Jan. 2-Feb. 2: Leger

KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), Jan. 5-Feb. 2: Kandinsky; Jawlensky

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), to Jan. 12: Prints of 6 Cent.; Jan. 14-Feb. 5: Minneapolis Inst. Collection

KOOTZ (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 7-25: H. Hofmann

KOTTLER (3 East 65), to Jan. 5: J. Mucciariello; Lubin; Jan. 7-19: F. Royston; Jan. 21-Feb. 2: J. Stoehrer

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Jan. 7-26: Cont. Amer. Sclpt.

LILLIPUT (231½ Eliz. St., by App't.), Jan.: With subsidiary Adam-Ahab, "500 Tinier Opi."

LITTLE STUDIO (680 Mad. at 61), Jan. 9-22: Trompe l'oeil pgs.

MARINO (46 W. 56), Jan. 7-26: Grp.

MATISSE (41 E. 57), Jan.: Balthus

MELTZER (38 W. 57), Jan. 8-Feb. 18: Gallery Grp. I

MI CHOU (36 W. 56), Jan. 8-Feb. 9: T. L. Tchong, calligraphy

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), to Jan. 19: A. Z. Sepeshy

MILCH (55 E. 57), Jan.: J. Robinson; Amer. Grp.

MILLS COLLEGE (66 5th Ave.), Jan. 8-Feb. 8: J. Reynal, mosaic pgs.

MORRIS (174 Waverly), to Jan. 19: Grp.; Jan. 21-Feb. 2: F. Black

MOSKIN (4 E. 88), Jan. 15-Feb. 9: Matto, drwgs.

NAT. ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy Pk.), Jan. 6-27: Members Annual

NEW (601 Mad. at 57), Jan. 21-Feb. 2: D. Porter

PANORAS (62 W. 56), Jan. 7-19: S. Koch; Jan. 21-Feb. 2: A. Secunda

PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), to Jan. 11: Grp.; Jan. 14-Feb. 2: E. Johns

PARSONS (15 E. 57), Jan. 7-26: J. Guerrero

PASSEDDOIT (121 E. 57), Jan. 2-Feb. 2: Nordfeldt

PAVONE (127 Lex. at 29), to Jan. 7: 4-Man Show

PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), Jan. 14-Feb. 2: J. Berger

PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), Jan. 2-Feb. 2: D. Austin

PETITE (129 W. 56), Jan. 2-12: Grp.; Jan. 14-26: H. Stover

PIERPOINT MORGAN LIBRARY (29 E. 36), to Jan. 16: Treasures from its collection

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Jan. 2-15: Amer. Expr.; Jan. 16-30: Soshana

POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), Jan. 7-26: H. Solomon

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), to Jan. 12: Picasso lithos; from Jan. 14: Cont. Europ.

SALPETER (42 E. 57), Jan. 7-26: J. Greenberg

B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), Jan. 2-19: Shinoda; Jan. 21-Feb. 9: I. Getz

SCHETTINI (766 Mad.), Jan. 11-26: Vedova

SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Jan. 1-31: Mod. Fr.

SCULPTURE CENTER (167 E. 69), to Dec. 24: Grp.

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Jan.: Afr. Sclpt.

SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), Jan. 7-26: C. Gray; K. Nash, sclpt.

SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), Jan.: Old Masters

STABLE (924 7th at 58), Jan. 2-19: C. Twombly

SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65), Jan. 5-26: E. Silvera

G. SULLIVAN (62 W. 56), Jan. 2-16: Eisner, Jorge; Jan. 21-Feb. 4: Grp.

TANAGER (90 E. 10), to Jan. 17: 10th St. Grp.; Jan. 18-Feb. 6: S. Geist

TERRAIN (20 W. 16), thru Jan.: W. Christopher; R. Dienes; G. Leiber

THEATRE EAST (211 E. 60), to Jan. 5: M. McNutt

THE CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), Jan.: Wakita

TOZZI (32 E. 57), Med. & Ren. Art

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57), Jan. 14-Feb. 1: G. Cochran

VILLAGE ART CTR. (39 Grove), to Jan. 11: Oils; Jan. 14-Feb. 1: W'cols.

VIVIANO (42 E. 57), Jan. 2-19: M. Beckmann; Jan. 21-Feb. 9: P. Lanyon

WALKER (117 E. 57), Jan. 21-Feb. 9: W. Cummings

V. WEAR (436 Mad.), to Jan. 15: Zahid

WELLONS (17 E. 64), Jan. 14-26: J. Courtney; Jan. 21-Feb. 2: G. Habergritz

WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), to Jan. 23: A. Faggi

WHITE (42 E. 57), Jan. 8-Feb. 2: W. Stipe

WIDFIELD (818 Mad. at 68), Jan. 7-26: E. Edwards

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Jan. 24-Mar. 2: Utrillo

WILLARD (23 W. 56), Jan. 2-29: Sclpt. of Various Periods

WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), to Jan. 19: D. Perutz; Jan. 21-Feb. 2: A. Deshaies

WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 76), Jan. 23-Feb. 23: Late 19th C.—1950

ZABRISKIE (835 Mad. at 69), thru Jan.: Prints; Jan. 10-Feb. 2: Artist-Craftsman Show

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

SMITH COLLEGE, Jan. 7-Feb. 8: Michelangelo's Figura Serpentinata

PARIS, FRANCE

DENISE RENE, Jan.: Mortensen; Vassarely

GAL. DE FRANCE, Jan.: Singier

JEANNE BUCHER, Grp.

RENE DROUET, Contemp. Masters

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TEMPLE UNIV., Jan. 1-31: S. Salko

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CARNEGIE INST., to Jan. 15: Gulf-Caribbean Internat'l.; Jan. 2-Feb. 17: Rouault

ARTS & CRAFTS, Jan. 6-29: C. Le Clair

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

MUSEUM, Jan. 10-Feb. 25: Masters of British Pig. 1800-1950

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

FINE ARTS SOC., Jan. 2-22: N. Rockwell

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CORCORAN GALLERY, Jan. 13-Mar. 10: Cont. Amer. Pigs.

GALLERY 313, to Jan. 12: M. Blackburn

PHILLIPS GALLERY, to Jan. 17: Corat

NATIONAL GALLERY, Jan. 19-Feb. 24: Bellows

WORCESTER, MASS.

MUSEUM, Jan. 11-Mar. 3: Venice

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